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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Mutual Aid

IN the discussion of the general principles of the new American programme for mutual aid some of the concrete details have been overlooked. Some of the allocations are really very curious. Take Asia, for example. For a long time now it has been customary to say that one of the chief issues in Asia is whether India, with its 350 million people, remains under free government or is driven through poverty into Communism. It is on a razor's edge. On the one hand, its Government makes encouraging progress; on the other, its economic distress, and especially the pressure of population, may subvert any of its future Governments. The grant of economic help from outside or the withholding of it may decide India's fate. A report just issued by the Government of India on the working of its Five-Year Plan for development is disconcerting. Reviewing the first three years of the five, it estimates that available internal reserves of financial strength will not be able to check the increasing tempo of expenditure. India has shown that it does not waste the help which it receives. It has made the most striking efforts of any of the economically backward countries to save itself by its own exertions.

ALL this has been much talked about in Washington; and when it was announced that there was to be a "change of emphasis" in the aid programme for 1954 and Asia's share was to be increased at the expense of Europe it was supposed that India — and Pakistan — were at last to get substantial dollar aid. Yet what do we find? Mr. Dulles said that their needs were "vital and important" — and dealt with them in four lines. He said that they had shown great initiative in going forward with their development plans. So the two countries together are to get \$94 millions. Compare with this the sum of \$2,001 millions allotted for military aid "in the general area of China" or even the sum of \$400 millions for subsidising defence in Indo-China. Is it an unfair inference from these figures that it can most easily change Asian history by throwing more money down the Formosan sink?

HK Exhibiting At Canadian Trade Fair

A RECORD AMOUNT OF SPACE TAKEN UP

Toronto, May 29. Hongkong was one of approximately 1,300 exhibitors who were today carefully unpacking their wares to put on display at the biggest and best 6th Annual International Trade Fair.

Sellers from 26 nations and buyers from twice as many streamed into town for the mammoth exposition which will be opened on Monday by the External Affairs Minister, Mr. Lester Pearson.

The total space allotted set an all-time record at 263,000 square feet, an increase of 38 per cent from last year.

20,000 Break Police Cordon

London, May 29. Twenty thousand people burst through a police cordon and halted traffic to cheer Queen Elizabeth and her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, when they left Buckingham Palace tonight for a ball at the ancient Palace of Hampton Court, near here.

When the royal car was seen, the crowds rushed across the road. But the Queen and the Duke, waving and smiling in response to the cheers, were soon out of sight as their car turned out of the Palace gates up Constitution Hill. Princess Margaret was also in the car and waved to the crowds.

Mounted police galloped up, but it took them several minutes to marshal the people out of the road.

About 1,000 guests were waiting at Hampton Court, one time home of King Henry VIII, to cheer the Queen and the Duke.

Earlier thousands of sightseers massed outside the Palace shouted greetings to Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother when she left for a ball at the exclusive Savoy Hotel.

This morning a final full-scale rehearsal of the Coronation ceremony at Westminster Abbey gave London its first peep at the pageantry to come. —Reuter.

The biggest displays were those firms dealing in the construction of machinery and machine tools. But there also were Italian silks, Indian saris, Irish whiskey and a Dutch device that does 11 different duties—from polishing silver to mixing cocktails.

Canada's greatly expanded exhibits, mostly of the machines responsible for its industrial growth, took up well over half the floor space. The United Kingdom is the second biggest exhibitor. Germany, making a determined bid to get back her pre-war market, was third and the United States was fourth.

FIRST SHOWINGS

South Korea will be exhibiting for the first time and Eire, Japan and Austria are making their first big showings.

The biggest single exhibit was an enormous 64-ton combination drilling and boring machinery from Germany which sagged through the concrete floor when it was set up in the automotive building. The machine is not for sale as a United States firm has already bought it.

At the other end of the scale are precise Swiss watches, Canadian toolpicks and antique Dresden and Meissen china brought by Herman Klauer of Munich who expects to spend the next three days unpacking it from its heavy wrappings.

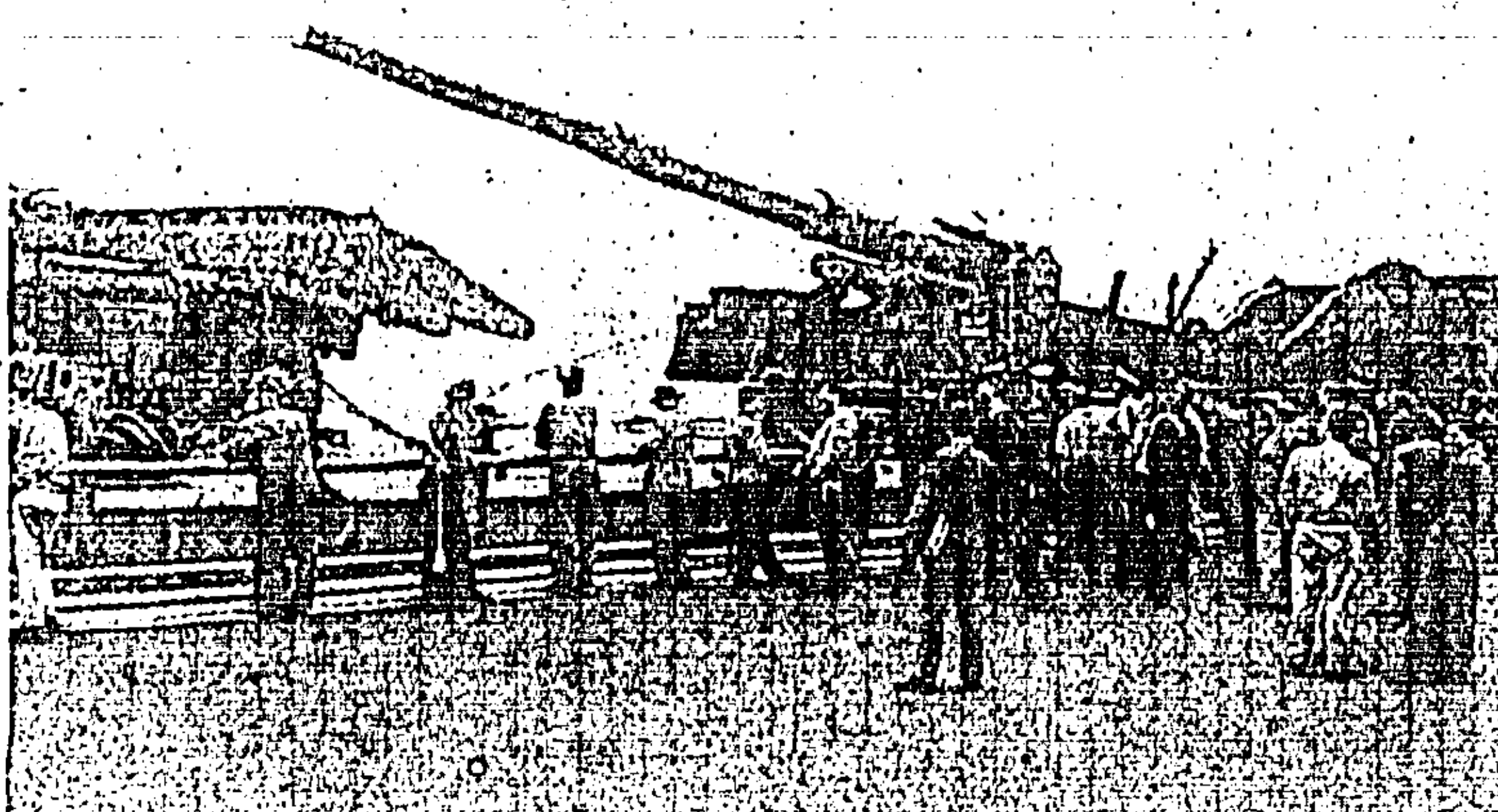
Behind the top four exhibitors came Belgium, France, both emphasizing machinery, Netherlands in textiles and specialising in textiles and furnishings, India, Sweden, Japan, Eire, Spain, Denmark, Jamaica, Norway, Switzerland, Colombia, Guatemala, Hongkong, Peru, Pakistan and South Korea. —United Press.

DISCIPLINARY CURFEW TO END

Heldberg, May 29. The United States Army in Europe today cancelled a mid-night to 6 a.m. curfew imposed last August to tighten up troop discipline because of the Commander-in-Chief's "trust in American soldiers."

Lieutenant-General Charles L. Bolte, the Commander-in-Chief, said the curfew would end on June 1. —Reuter.

US Atomic Cannon



New Yorkers were able to see the United States Army's 280 mm Atomic Cannon when it arrived by sea from the proving grounds at Aberdeen, Maryland, for Armed Forces Day Exhibition. The weapon, which is the largest calibre artillery piece in the American Army weighs 85 tons, and can fire an atomic shell approximately 20 miles. It is 85 feet long and has two special engine cabs rear and front which carries the gun suspended between them so that it is completely mobile. —London Express.

FINAL BID TO ASCEND EVEREST SAID PLANNED

Katmandu, Nepal, May 29. The British Everest climbers were reported here today to be planning a final bid to reach the mountain's 29,002-foot summit—still unconquered after two attempts this week.

They have apparently withdrawn to their advanced camp in the Western Cwm, the hollow between the upper peaks of Everest and the neighbouring mountains.

Observers thought the final assault would be made any day now. The weather is "fair to cloudy" with a chance of one or two hampering snow showers tomorrow.

News of the failure of this week's attempts was confirmed today when it became known the text radio message picked up yesterday came from Peter Jackson, Reuter's special correspondent, who had made a lone trip to the British base on the 17,000 foot high Kumbhu glacier.

Twenty-seven year old Jackson is the only newspaper correspondent now in the forward area who is not attached to the expedition and who has reached the scene of operations independently.

From the base camp he rushed the news of the failure by runner to Namche Bazar, Sherpa Village twenty miles back, whence it was transmitted by radio to Katmandu.

FAINTLY HEARD

Jackson's message came faintly over the 170 miles from Namche. Atmospherics blotted out most of the transmission, and listeners could make out only the bare fact that the double assault had failed and the expedition was leaving the mountain on June 7.

Fragmentary phrases in the message suggested that the expedition had turned back from 27,500 feet—1,500 feet from the top—because of bad weather.

The approaching monsoon showing signs of strengthening in South Ceylon, complicates the expedition to leave the highest slopes by June 7 whether or not the coming new assault succeeds.

They must therefore start the downward trek about June 2 or 3 according to people here who know the mountain.

If the mountaineers fail to get below the icefall between 18,000 and 19,000 feet up the mountain before the monsoon bursts they may find formidable traps in the shifting mists and yawning crevasses.

LEAFROG AFFAIR

The first attempt as planned was a leafrog affair—the first assault being made by two climbers breathing pure oxygen from the new "closed circuit" apparatus, the second by another team using the well-tried equipment in which they inhale both pure oxygen and mountain air mixed together.

In Wellington today Mr Keith Holyoake, acting Prime Minister of New Zealand, sent a message of encouragement to Mr E. P. Hillary, the New Zealander taking part in the expedition. —Reuter.

Mystery Of McCarthy's Whereabouts

Washington, May 29. Senator Joseph McCarthy's staff offered a case of Scotch whisky today to anyone who could find the self-styled anti-Communist crusader from Wisconsin.

No one knows where the Senator is. He slipped quietly out of town on a secret mission last Wednesday with the chief counsel of his Senate Investigations sub-committee, Mr Francis Flanagan.

The secrecy surrounding McCarthy's mission contrasts strangely with the blaze of publicity which dogged his famous "travelling twins"—20-year-old committee investigators Roy Cohn and David Schine—during their loyalty investigation of United States officials in Europe recently.

A flurry of rumours has placed the Senator and Mr Flanagan in London, Paris, Mexico, or still in the United States.

"Though his staff claim they do not know where the couple are, it was learned Senator McCarthy and Mr Flanagan had not intended to visit Europe."

Reports that Senator McCarthy had left his current investigation of British trade with Communism in China to attend the Coronation in London were received with hilarity in his office.

Mrs Gladys Montler, one of his assistants said:

"It is really too funny for words to say he will attend the Coronation. That is one event he will miss."

She said:

"He is not going to Europe, either."

"If you find him you will get a case of Scotch. That's a promise, because the Scotch is right here." —Reuter.

US Forces Concede Two Outposts In Korea

HEAVY CHINESE ATTACKS

Seoul, May 30. United States infantrymen fled back from two strategic outposts 27 miles above Seoul last night as Chinese Communists hurled 20 battalions—more than 15,000 men—against a score of Allied key points along the western and east-central fronts.

The powerful Red offensive, described by an 8th Army spokesman as the heaviest Communist attack in eight months, overran two of six embattled outposts on a five-mile front above Seoul.

The Americans were driven off Elko and Carson outposts and fragmentary front line reports said that a "small force" of United States troops were "boxed in" by its own protective artillery fire after losing the Elko position.

Casualties among the Americans on Elko and Carson outposts were reported to be heavy.

One American Army spokesman described the situation above Seoul as "extremely critical."

United States infantrymen who went to the aid of Turkish troops driven off outpost Carson were hurled back by slashing Chinese counter-attacks.

The attacking Chinese were known to have put in thousands of casualties for their victory at Carson and their continuing assaults against United States, Turkish and South Korean forces holding positions above Seoul and 14 outposts on the east-central front.

Shattering Allied artillery barrages, rifles, automatic weapons and close support strikes by United Nations aircraft turned the hills above Seoul into a haze of smoke, flame and death.

An 8th Army spokesman said that upward of 8,500 Chinese Reds had been committed in the western front fighting alone. Another 6,500 or more were thrown in by the Communists in the east-central front where ROK infantrymen were battling to recover several strategic outposts overrun by the Chinese in their initial attacks along Bloody Ridge last night. —United Press.

"CRUSHING DEFEAT"

London, May 29. The War Office announced today that mainly British troops had inflicted a "crushing defeat" on the Communists who attacked their lines on the Hook in Korea.

A brief War Office announcement said that the Communists, estimated at brigade strength, attacked last night and suffered a crushing defeat mainly at the hands of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, the Black Watch Regiment and the Royal Artillery.

It said that no further details were as yet available. —United Press.

3 POSTS VACATED

Seoul, May 30. Chinese Communists, driving ahead in their heaviest attack in eight months' last night, forced American and Turkish troops off three vital outposts guarding the western invasion route to Seoul.

The Reds have hurled 20 battalions—more than 15,000 men—against a score of Allied key posts along the western and east-central fronts.

A 26th Division spokesman said the latest withdrawals were made "under orders."

Turkish troops pulled back from outpost Vegas and Americans from Elko.

The Communists poured some 67,000 rounds of artillery and mortar fire on the U.S. 25th Division positions in 24 hours, ending at 6 p.m. Friday. Two battalions of Communists—about 1,600 men—attacked Vegas and Elko after American counter-attacks against Carson failed. Earlier the Americans had been driven off nearby Carson.

Seoul is 25 miles south of the main line.

The proud Turks, one of the toughest fighting outfits in Korea, began withdrawing from Vegas at about 11 p.m. and completed the pullback at midnight. —United Press.



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(From "Wine and the Wine Lands of the World" by Frank Hodges Butler.)

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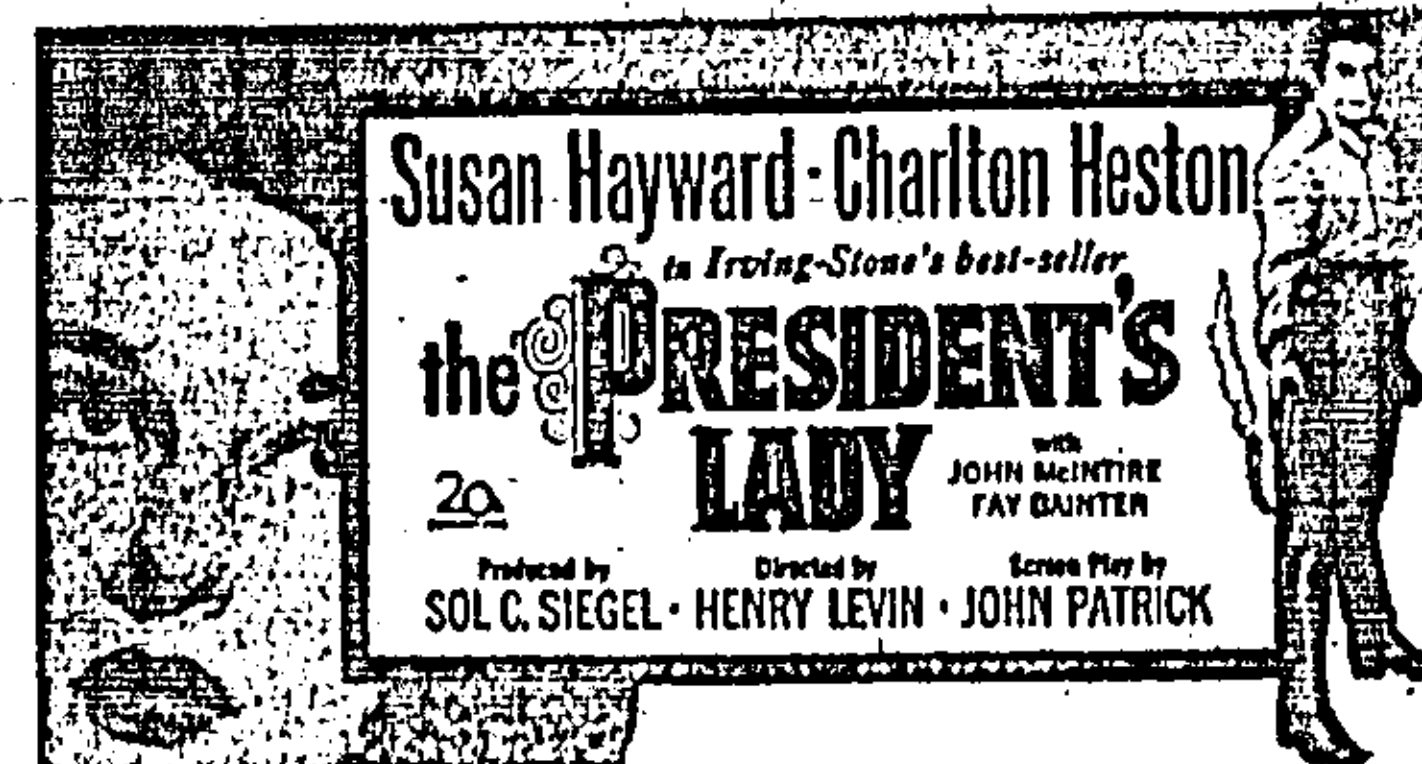
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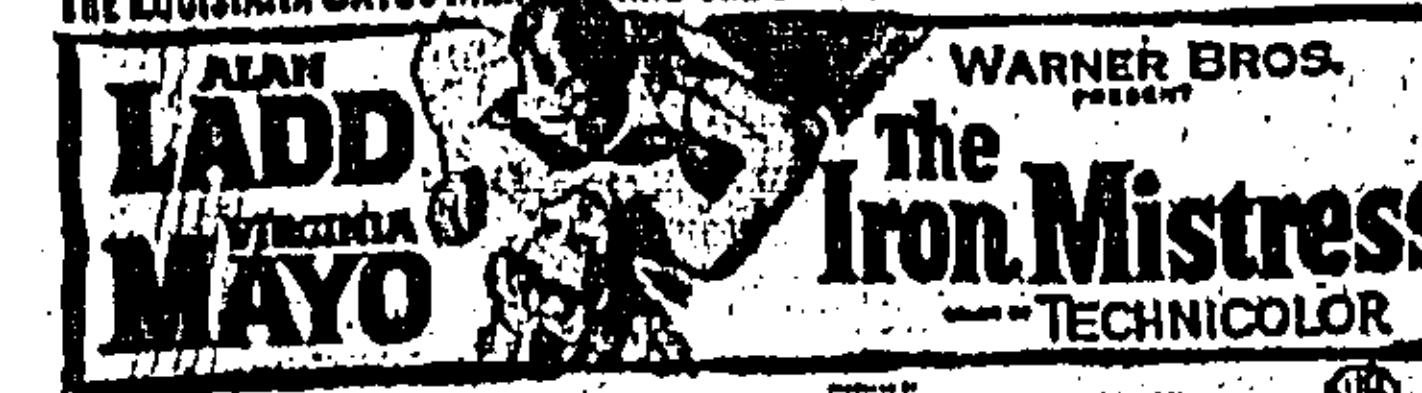
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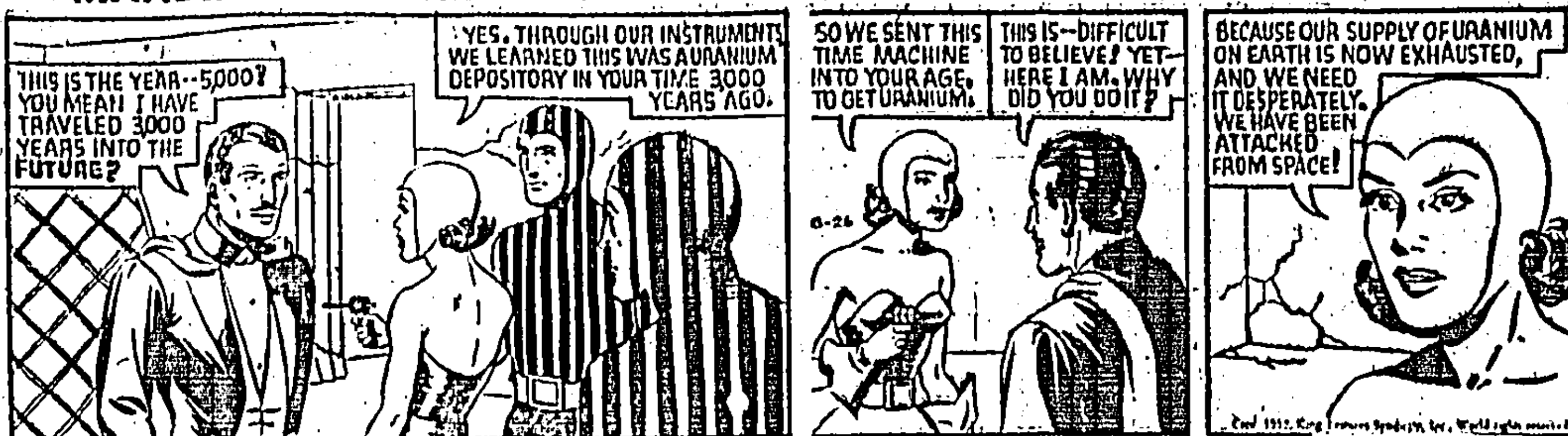
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A NEW PROGRAMME OF TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

20th Century-Fox Film

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



HOLLYWOOD HEADLINES

The Evil They Do Lives After Them

By JENNIFER JOHNS

The evil they do—and it usually is evil—lives after them. Or it lives, that is, long after the film story and the stars who headlined it, have been forgotten. I am referring, of course, to the "effects" men. The men who make a celluloid toy, liner overturned in a water tank look like the biggest and most awe-inspiring sea disaster that ever happened.

How many of you forget, for example, the stars of "Tulsa" but can recall its gigantic oil fire? And who among us will forget the terrifying burning of Rome in "Quo Vadis," the battering destruction of Tokyo harbour in "Destination Tokyo" or the havoc wrought by "King Kong"? If you remember these "shock" scenes then it seems only fair that, for once, you should take a look at the men responsible. Such names as Willis Cook, Russell Sherman, Hank Moreland and Barry Jones. All played their parts in the above-mentioned film horrors.

Now they are to combine their talents in an attempt to destroy—utterly and cohesively—the whole of New York City. The film has already got its title "The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms."

If you want to be terrified and like your entertainment in cold shivers and beads of sweat then don't miss this one. It's not a particularly good film but does the effects department destroy that city!

WHO WOULDN'T? Mario Lanza admits that he's (currently) "deliriously happy." He explains that Paramount wants him for "The Vagabond King," that Warners want him

for "Serenade" and that he has offers to give concerts at Covent Garden.

"If I accept everything I'll make 3 million dollars (£1 million) this year." Who wouldn't be happy?... And speaking of money, Tyrone Power estimates that he will clear nearly £300,000 from his 50-50 deal on "Mississippi Gambler"... Marie Wilson has resisted the Hollywood world for just too long. Now she has given up this right and has bought herself a Cadillac and the inevitable swimming pool...

Lana Turner heaped up unheard of excitement on the carrier "Midway" in the Modigliani when she sang "Daddy" in the "Window" for 35,000 sailors. Or just Lane Turner period... Anne Jeffreys has been sung by a bee while working in her garden. This, just to prove the sort of thing she gets across my desk as a publicity hand-out... Shelly Winters has got away with 10, almost to order. Her explanation: "I wanted to look slim when I greeted my husband Vittorio Gassman from Italy"... Scott Brady writes from London that he has just met Noel Coward and that the playwright will star him in a stage comedy this Autumn. Says, however, he'll be back here first for a film.

FRANK ABOUT IT Now on a tour of supper clubs over here is 24-year old Jane Powell. As she has two successful current films ("Small-town Girl") and ("The Student Prince") you may be wondering why the tour of the supper clubs Jane is quite about it. "I'm touring for the money."

To take the sting out of this Jane adds that she likes to prove to herself that she is capable of appearing in other media besides pictures. She also hopes to prove to her bosses that she can do more serious things than just sweet young-things roles. Miss Powell has a point there. Not only is she 24 but she is

also the mother of two children. Miss Powell, however, has only herself to blame if the studios persist in treating her as a Peter Pan.

In 1947 Jane was so full of effervescence that it was hard to believe that she could be serious about anything. She attempted the shock treatment on anyone who interviewed her with such little asides as "I want to meet George Bernard Shaw." And "I want to become a prize student in psychology." Now she has forgotten about such statements and has decided to develop all her many talents instead. I take vocal lessons but I don't take enough of them. I want to take even more and I want to study dancing, dramatics, arts.

"I want to know technically what's right and wrong about my performances. This doesn't mean that I want to go strictly dramatic. I don't. I'd be very happy to continue singing and acting in pictures for ever. Even here, however, I feel I still have a lot to learn about singing." If she really means what she says this time then the studios have still a lot to learn about Miss Powell.

OFFENDED A poster of Rita Hayworth reclining (as good a word as any) on a couch and wrapped in far fewer than seven veils was hauled down from a bill board here last week. A local court said that the poster was offending to public morals. The film company said that it was just meant to advertise "Salome". But they didn't get away with that one!

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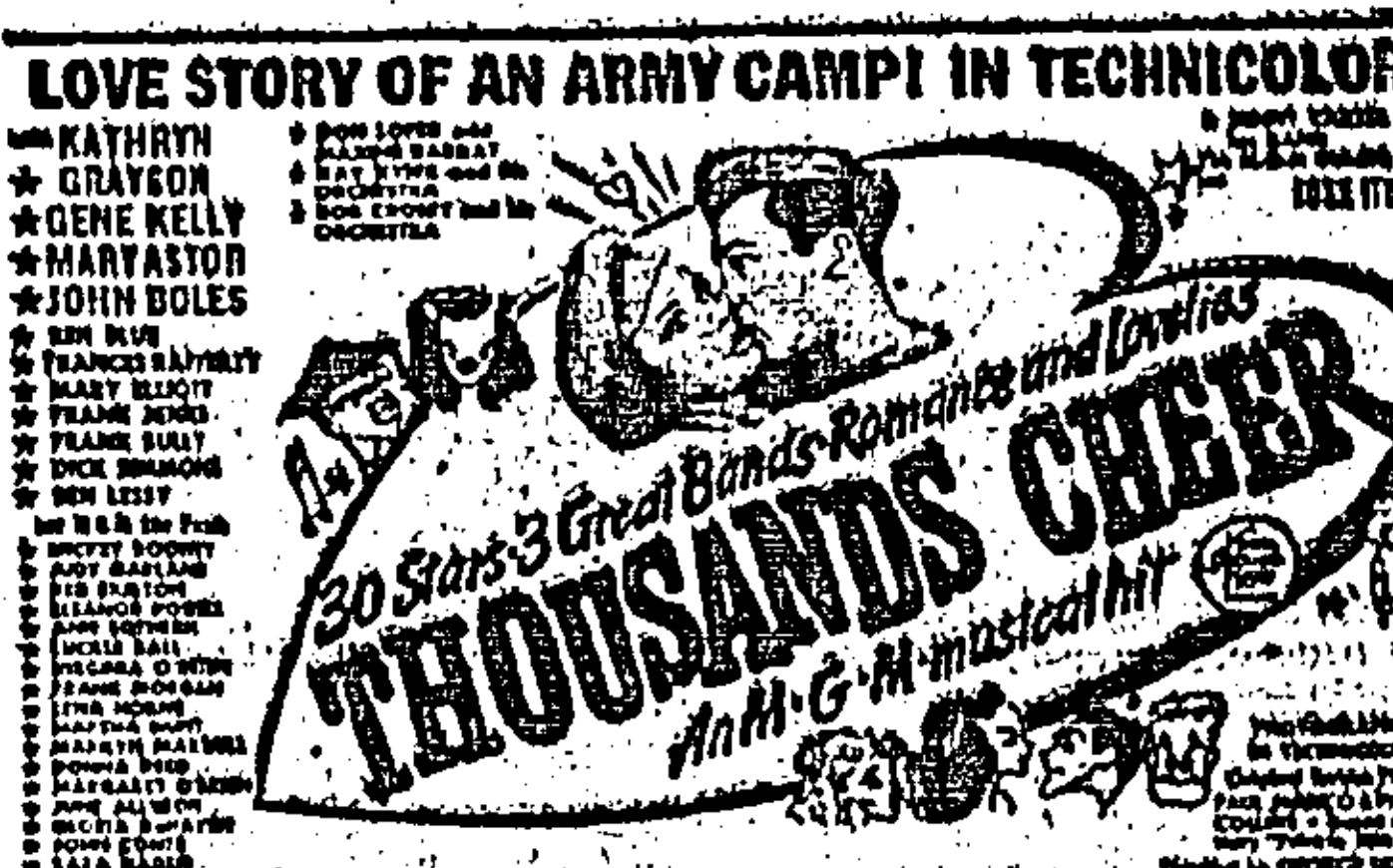


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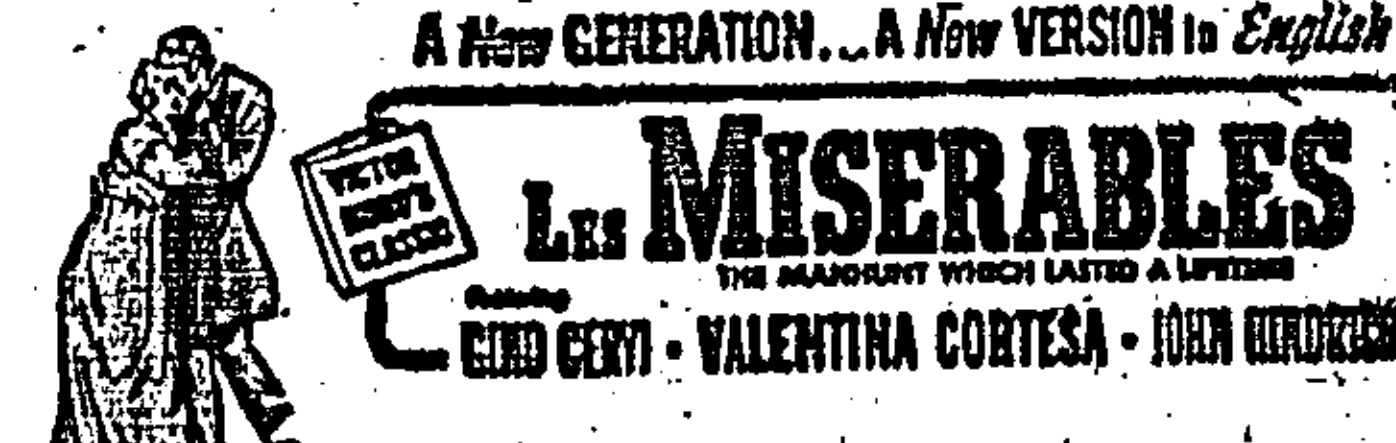
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TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.00, 7.20 & 9.40 P.M.

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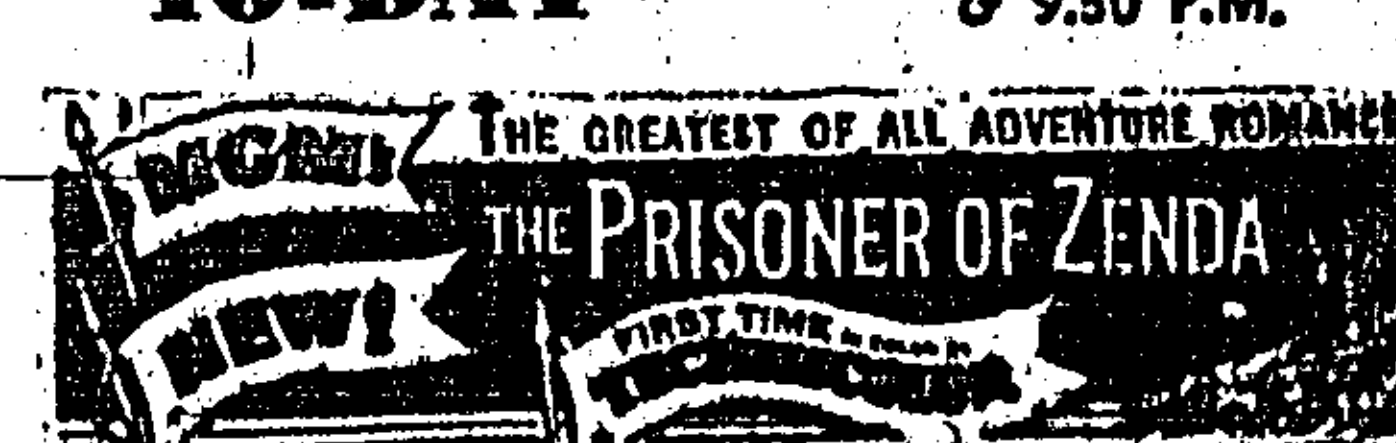
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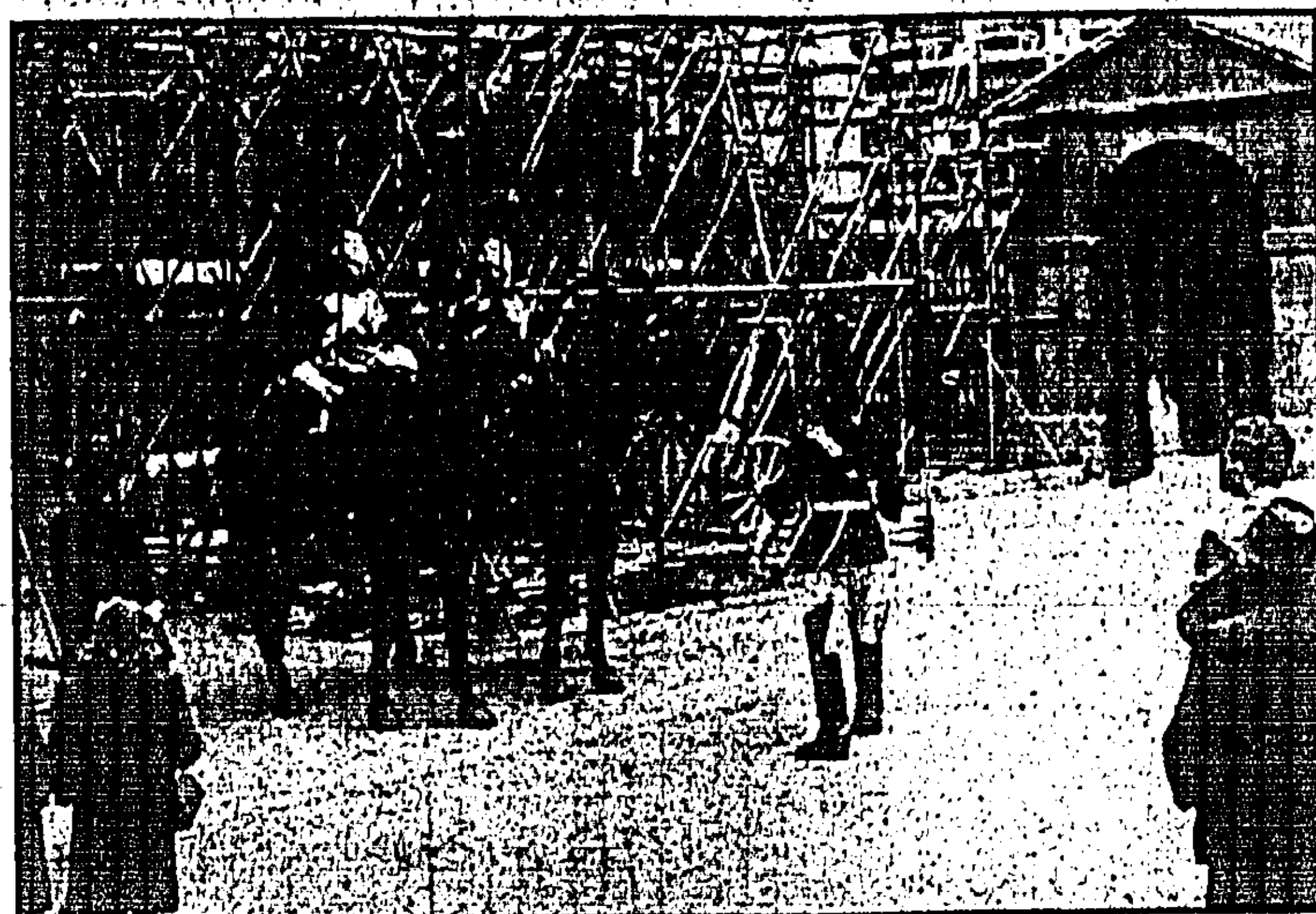
SUSAN CABOT WILLIAM REYNOLDS HUGH O'BRIEN VICTOR JORY

BOOKINGS NOW OPEN!

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



THE Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, and the Duchess leave Westminster Abbey after a three-hour Coronation rehearsal, during which the Duchess represented the Queen. (Express)



MOST remarkable sight in Whitehall just now is the way horses and men of the Household Cavalry, on sentry duty at the Horse Guard, stand passive and immobile regardless of the bustle and clamour as Coronation stands rise about them. (Express)



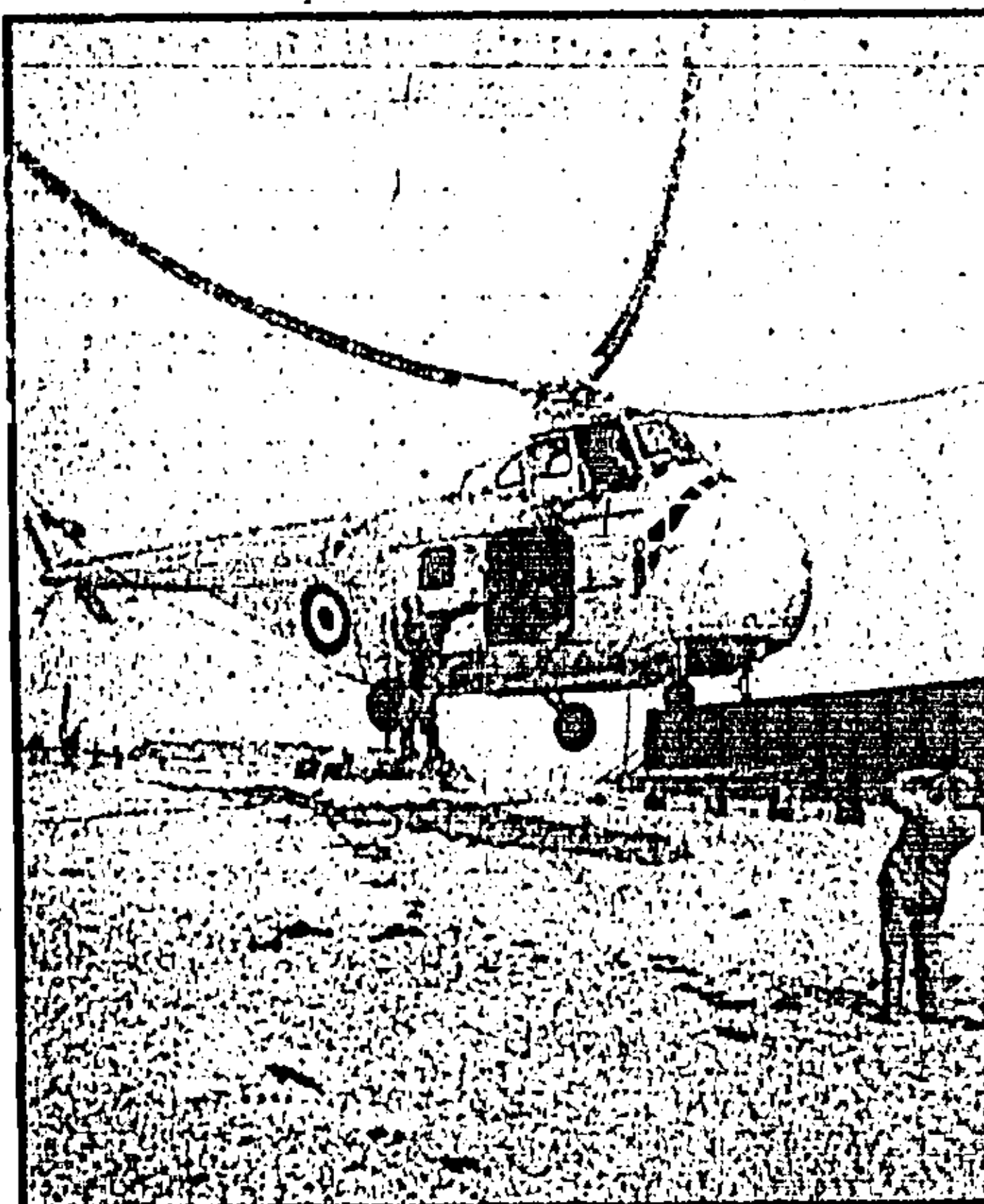
THE 105th Royal Caledonian Ball was held 12 days ago at Grosvenor House, London. Here Mrs Kenneth Richards and Mr Edward Bulman are seen dancing the Hamilton House reel. (Express)



MRS Winthrop Aldrich, wife of the U.S. Ambassador, had her camera with her when she saw the polo game at Cowdray Park, Sussex, between the Duke of Edinburgh's team and Mr Billy Wallace's. She is a keen photographer. (Express)



LITTLE Ian Wylie, 12-day-old son of the second in command of the Everest expedition, folds his arms and looks tough — tough enough to climb a mountain himself very soon. With him are his mother and 20-month-old brother Hugh. The father, Major Charles Wylie, was 20,000 feet up in the Himalayas when he learned of Ian's birth. (Express)



TWO sisters who had not met for 46 years — Mrs Marjorie Hinders, of Cheam Surrey (left), and Mrs Ivy Elchholz, of Sedalia, Missouri. They met at Paddington station one evening quite accidentally, and recognised each other by their eyes. (Express)

LEFT: Troops leap from a helicopter on to a beach at Eastney, Southsea, during amphibious assault exercise "Runaway IV."

BELOW: Miss Sylvia Grey, star of the old Gaiety, is having her portrait painted to celebrate her 88th birthday. Miss Grey was principal Gaiety dancer for five years. In centre is artist Mrs Mark Romer. (Express)



AT the Lakeside Stage, in the presence of stage and film people, mayors of London boroughs and Pearly Kings and Queens, 18-year-old Sheila Handsley, daughter of a Brighton hotel owner, was crowned Festival Gardens Queen at the official opening of the Battersea Park gardens in London for another season. American singer Eddie Fisher is presenting the cup to Sheila.



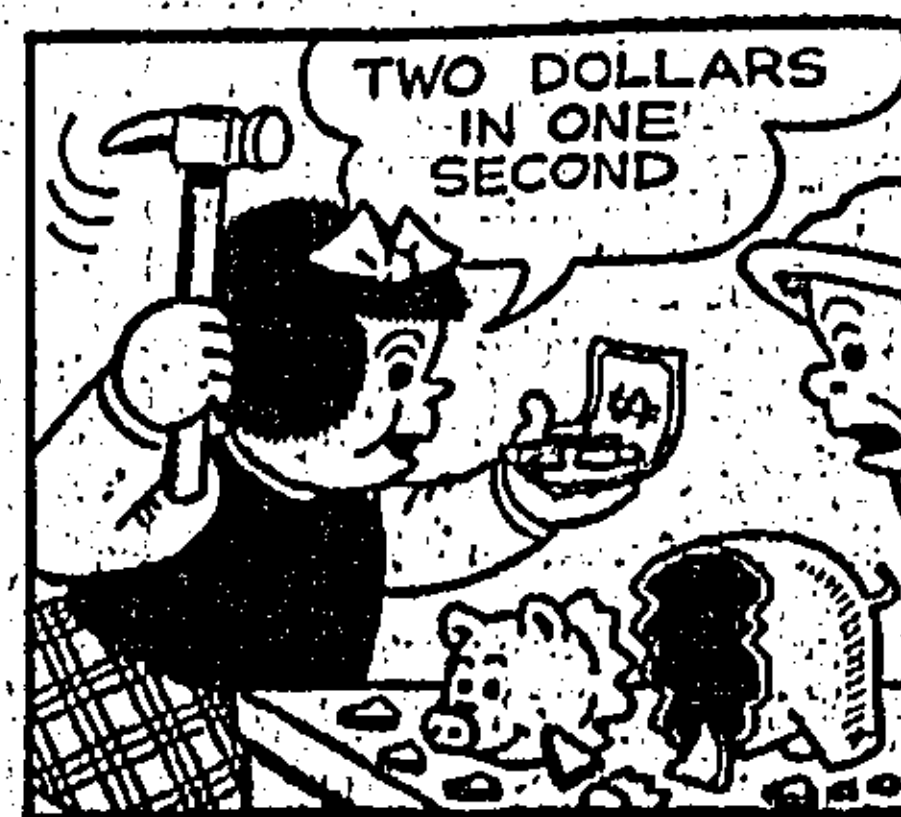
THE Chief of the Imperial General Staff, General Sir John Harding, made a journey recently to Pirbright Camp to inspect men and women of the Commonwealth armed forces who are in England to attend the Coronation. He is seen talking to members of the Canadian contingent who are doing guard duty at Buckingham Palace during the Coronation period. (Army News)



NANCY

For The First Second, At Any Rate

By Ernie Bushmiller



BULLETS FOR THE DASHING FIGARO

From
Conrad Pallenborg

Rome, May 29.
THE women of San Nicandro are weeping over the tragic death of their young, handsome hairdresser who, riding like a pagan god over the waves of his glamorous perms, had brought excitement and romance to this isolated village in the toe of Italy.

Vittoriano Bernardini, the 20-year-old hairdresser with magic fingers, died like a hero on a battlefield strewn with amputated locks, hairpins and broken hearts.

He has been murdered by the men of San Nicandro who were jealous of his success with the girls and resented the introduction of modern "indecent" fashions into their traditional old-fashioned world.

Like a knight

IT all started three months ago when Vittoriano arrived at San Nicandro on a dilapidated bicycle. It was raining hard, and as he had no hat or umbrella he put on his head the perm cask. He looked like a medieval knight, and his arrival caused a sensation.

Next day Vittoriano rented a little room and set up shop. At first only a few women dared to entrust their long black tresses to Vittoriano's scissors. But when the others saw the masterpieces that came out from under Vittoriano's magic comb, they flocked to the young, handsome Figaro.

Vittoriano became the idol of San Nicandro's women, and revolutionized the life of the village. Girls married women, even a few mature ladies, beautiful and rejuvenated by Vittoriano's art, became dashing, coquettish.

When lipstick made its first appearance in the village, engagements were broken right and left, rows flared up in the homes and the spaghetti came on the table with too much salt in it or none at all.

His birthday

WHEN Vittoriano's birthday came, to show him their gratitude, the women went out into the fields and collected wild flowers to decorate his little shop. The men were furious. Two students sent him a rotten cabbage in a bunch of nettles. They were both in love with Isabella, the most beautiful girl in the village, but she had flitted them and accepted the courtship of the dashing hairdresser.

The birthday marked Vittoriano's triumph and death. As he was riding home on his bicycle late at night he was ambushed and riddled with bullets.

So far police have been unable to find the murderers. They stopped and questioned the two students, but they had perfect alibis and had to be released.

They questioned an old man from whom Vittoriano had won 230 at cards—Vittoriano was lucky all round and not only in love—but he, too, had a fool-proof alibi.

Tight-tipped

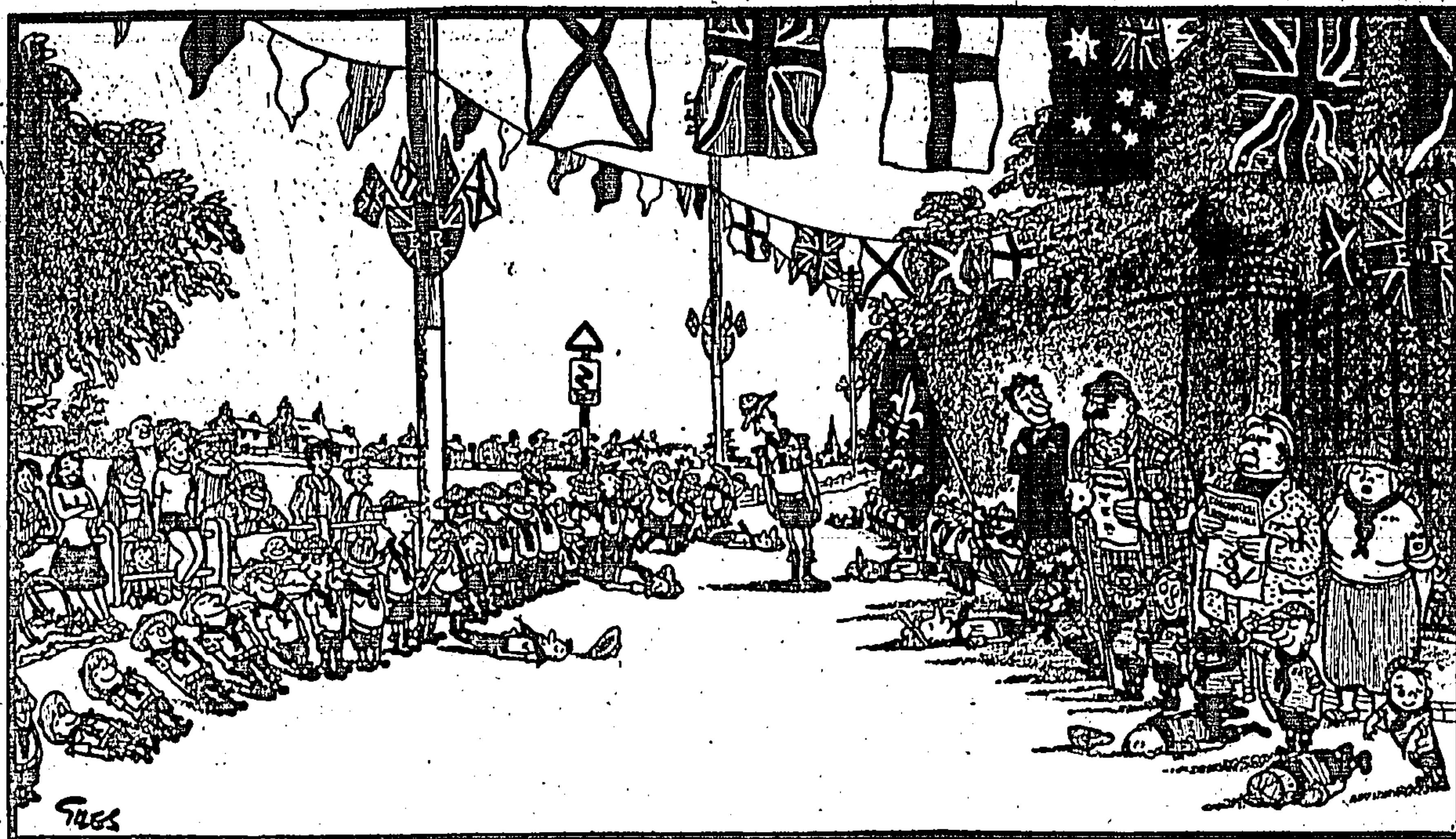
THE inquiry is going on but there are little chances of getting the killers, as San Nicandro's men become extremely tight-lipped when the hairdresser is mentioned.

But the story-teller, who in that part of the world take the place of newspapers, radio, TV and the comics, know why Vittoriano has lost his life. They sing a tale, which rhymes prettily in the Italian language, to the notes of a guitar.

"The handsome hairdresser had cut too many tresses. And somebody for vendetta has blown off his head."

(Continued)

POCKET CARTOON BY OSBERT LANCASTER



"Now let's do it like the Guards would do it," I think you said, Colonel."

London Express Service

Are you thinking of switching jobs? Here is a challenge from the man who will crown the Queen. He was a teacher 13 years ago

66 I AM inclined to think," the Archbishop said, "that it is not a bad thing for a man to change the direction of his life at the age of 45."

IS 45 THE BEST AGE TO BEGIN A NEW LIFE?

By
Derek Monsey

What sort of a man is he?

In a sense he has always been something of a sinner for the critics: a "very ordinary man," moderate, safe—and chosen for office, they said, just for these dull and negative virtues. No one has ever expected much of him. But the "very ordinary man" has shown time and again that he is, in fact, of a strangely extraordinary quality.

He is a short man, growing portly, 66 years old, occasionally afflicted with gout (though not a port drinker), genial, bald-crowned, and possessed of the shrewdly incisive administrative brain of an industrial tycoon.

HOMELY

STRIPPED of the forbidding, button-gaitered, black costume of his rank—he once said to Danny Kaye: "The difference between us is that you are funny intentionally—he might be taken at first sight for a country doctor or a neglected scholar.

His face is shrewd but friendly: the hard lines of 30 years ago have softened among loose folds of flesh that give him, in repose, something of the quasi-dignity of a Labrador retriever. Homely.

Most of his photographs emphasise only this. It is the second look which reveals real nobility in his face, the vivid paleness of his eyes, the dignified intellectual forehead, and firm, humorous mouth of a man who could possibly expect to be loved but would certainly expect to be obeyed. Straddling the fireplace in the deep-carpeted, airy, pumpled study at Lambeth Palace, gaunter, legs apart, hands clasped behind him, his chin threatening to sink almost to the great gold cross on his breast, he seems surprised, fulfilled.

Then suddenly a move, his finger points and the pale eyes light brilliantly: the man is active, determined, a force to reckon with. This is as much the Fisher trick as a natural characteristic: the poised, between apparent torpor and action, between ordinariness and

great dignity, between mediocrity and brilliance.

"Change direction at 45, yes," he says. "But I never really had a plan for life. It was never mapped out. Things happened."

When, at 27, he became one of the youngest ever public-school headmasters, it was "entirely the doing of my friends." Chief friend already was the retiring head of Repton, the meteoric William Temple.

FINE JOB

EIGHTEEN years later, when the schoolmaster was dug out of contented obscurity to become overnight the Lord Bishop of Chester, it was again "not of my seeking." Chief friend still was certainly Dr Temple, by now the powerful, rubicund, controversial Archbishop of York.

He had made a fine thing of his job at Repton; he was a distinguished if not a creative scholar (he still has not published a book).

But the young man who had played Rugby enthusiastically and just failed to get his rowing blue at Oxford, who had been ordained in his early twenties, married at thirty, and now had a family of six sons, was thought "extremely lucky" to get a bishopric.

More than that. He knew that many of his clergy felt he was no man for the job, that some had even "prayed about the matter beforehand, but this is what we have got," that the first but by no means last word in his condemnation was invariably—as he repeated in self-mockery—"no parochial experience, my dear friend; and, you know, I don't really work."

Bishop of Chester 1932, Bishop of London 1939, and right through the war.

UNDERSTANDING

HE made an immense reputation as a brilliant administrator, and won round his parish priests by an understanding of their problems and work as much as by his manner, the warm, humorous ease of the man which makes everyone he meets a friend immediately.

He stalks the world, whether his own diocese, or on his flying visits to America, Australia or New Zealand, talking to people and making personal converts as if he had been brought up exclusively on Rudyard Kipling's "If."

He is in fact the quiet, simple champion of the ordinary simple virtues: the more-or-less ignored ones. Home, family, service, individual responsibility and a faithful reverence for the traditions and mysteries of Christianity, fully understood and accepted, make up the Archbishop's religious front.

With his wife, true-worsted, staunchly intelligent, pillar of the Mother's Union, they form a solid bulwark against the modern onslaught on the family and the sanctity of marriage. "A family only truly begins with the third child," Dr Fisher is fond of saying—he favours six and upwards and was the youngest son in a rectorial family of ten—"My word, what we are missing today without these children."

WON THROUGH

IT was 1943 that William Temple died, after being Primate for only two years.

Dr Fisher, for over 30 years Temple's friend and disciple, became the ninth Bishop of London to go to Canterbury. Straphanging in the tube on his way home to Fulham Palace the day after the announcement, he still brooded on the deeply felt, public-school spirited statement he had just made.

"Nobody," he said, "can fill Archbishop Temple's place and I am not going to attempt to do so. But since this has been put upon me and I am told it is my duty—I shall do my best."

He was now a two-palace man: Lambeth in London, The Old Palace at Canterbury. As Primate the cure of the whole Church at home, and overseas through the Dominions and Empire, its relationship with other great Churches of the world—Roman Catholic, Protestant, in Europe and America—were added to his fundamental job as Bishop of the Canterbury diocese.

He was now a State Figure, required for all big ceremonial occasions—he must advise the

Government, and speak for the Church in the Lords. He must encourage and guide the slow, delicate Christian renaissance which he firmly believes is beginning in our midst. And try to remain Geoffrey Fisher, a human being, as well.

He was unprepared; he took his time; he did not try to imitate anyone, but remained himself. And he has won through.

He controls that fiery collection of individualists, the scarlet and lawn-sleeved bishops in Convocation, with masterly ease.

He can always provide a formula to reconcile extremes. He has shown the courage to rebuke publicly an admired friend, Bishop Bateman, for his heterodox views, and tell him he should leave the Church. And the greatness, a few years later, to pay a sincere tribute to the "courage, courage, and deep devotion" of the same man, when he retired this month.

It seems to have put six inches on to his short stature, and it is plain that the "very ordinary man" will dominate the Coronation scene. Dignified and assured, he is determined not only that the spiritual nature of the crowning shall be dominant, not only that all the people shall join "in communion with their Queen with God," but also that the whole splendid service shall be as perfect an offering as the Church of England can make.

EMPHATIC

ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE used his controversial, emphatic personality to force people to think. His disciple, Dr Fisher, is using office to try to make them work together. It is probably a better bet for the British.

He has already done a lot to change the age-old hostility between clergy and bishops into a developing friendliness. And the man "with no parochial experience" has been the first Archbishop to admit freely that the Church is "the worst paid profession in England" and insist that the wretchedly rewarded parish priest be given a reasonable minimum wage.

Fisher's sole ambition is to bring about greater unity among Christians, whether they belong or not to the Established Church.

AN IDEAL

HE himself will work with any Christian. He will have nothing to do either with the smartly superior laymen or clerics of the Church who insist that all who are not C. of E. are outsiders, "Schism," he says, "is among us all. No one is 'inside' and no one 'out.' We all belong one to another."

The old dream world of a united Church, acting positively among the millions of British who claim to be Christian and do nothing to make the claim good, is no dream world to Geoffrey Fisher. It is an attainable ideal.

Can he attain it? The hard work and responsibility of the Primate's job are

said to have killed off William Temple in under three years. Dr Fisher, as conscientious and hard working, is a fit man, whose eager brain gets him through a day's work that would drive a career politician into retirement. But for how long?

HIS STAFF

THE Church allows the Primate two chaplains and five secretaries. A staff which would be small for a big-business man.

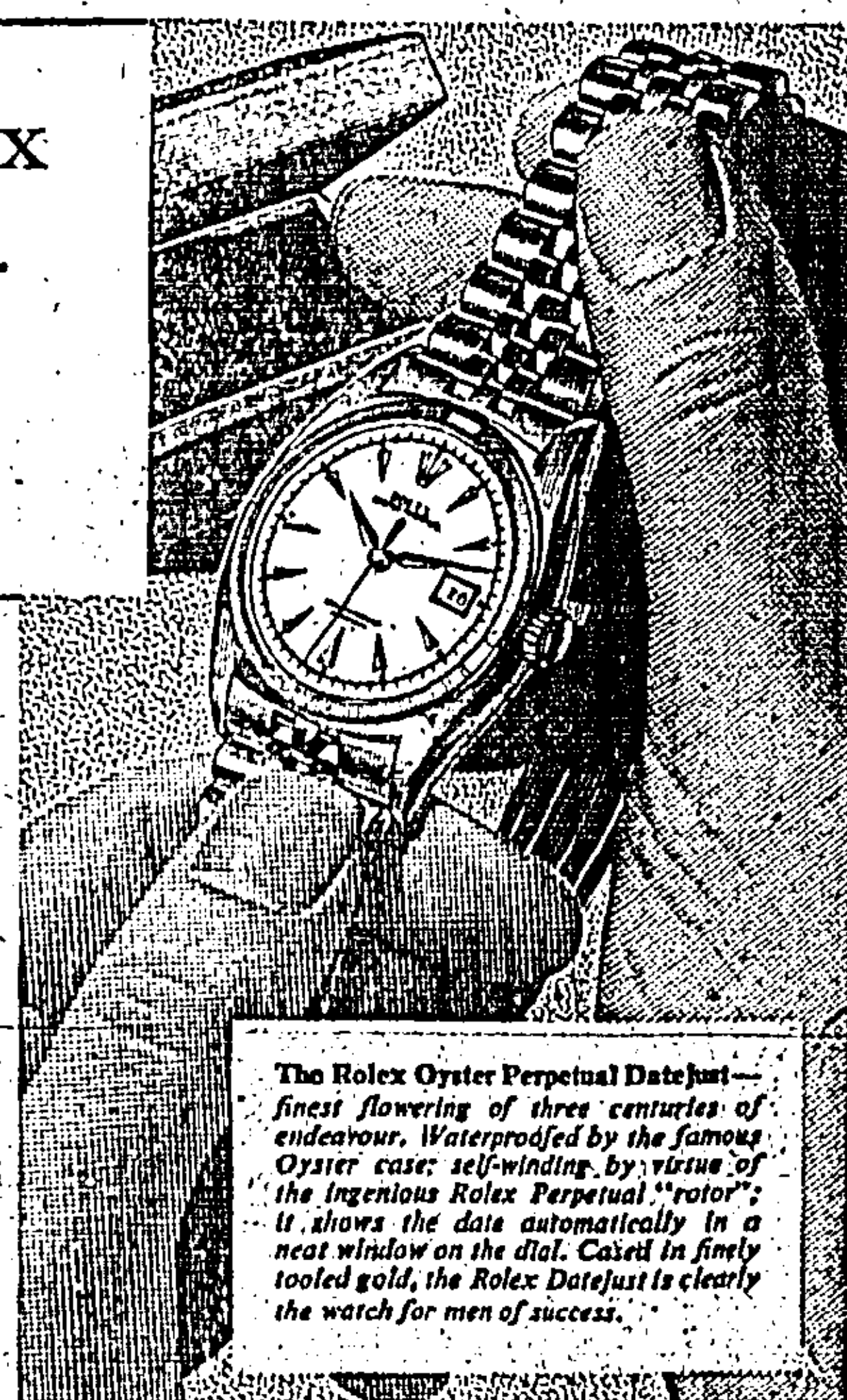
At the moment he gets through somehow, preaches less than he would like in his own churches, reads less than he would like, speaks in the Lords less than he would like, reads less than he should, and just finds time to polish off The Times Crossword as relaxation, most nights before bed.

The Archbishop of Canterbury should not be encouraged to charge into an early, how-ever honoured, grave. Especially if he is as great a man as Geoffrey Francis Fisher has shown he can be, since he has changed his job and his life at 45.

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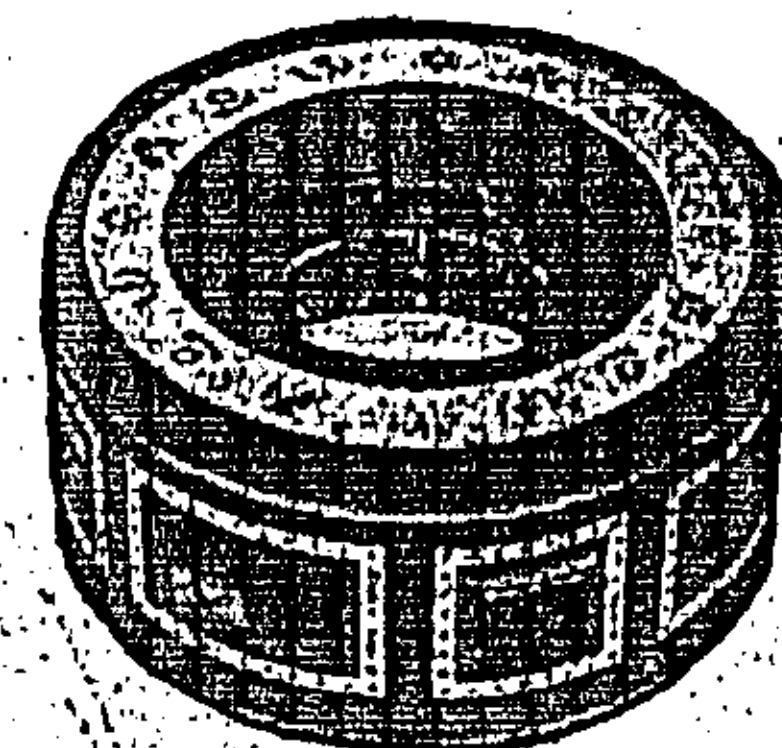
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Miami—place in the sun where beautiful girls are lonely now

It's Dollars Dollars, All The Time

By DONALD LUDLOW

Miami, Florida, If you want to see Miami in spring, you can't do better than go to the city gaol, unless it is Dade County Gaol, which is the county most of Miami is in.

The city gaol occupies floors 16, 17, and 18 of the sparkling 24-storey court-house.

County Sheriff Tom Kelly takes over from the 19th floor right up to the ice-cream cone roof, and his premises are supposed to be escape proof.

Well, this year alone eight tough characters have swarmed down bed-sheet ropes and landed in a main shopping street right opposite police headquarters, and one of them, who had been allowed a TV set in his cell, even made the trip twice.

So they are saying in Miami now, whenever this citadel of the law is mentioned: "Don't worry if they haul you in, Bud. Just ring once for the elevator and twice for the rope."

Still, the gaol is a good place from which to see Miami in the spring. But first let's get Miami sorted out and also get the name straight.

It is My-am-cc—or My-am-uh, if you want to sound like a real oldtimer.

And there are two Miamis—Miami City and Miami Beach. And they don't like to be confused.

They are both pretty fabulous places. You could call one Bagdad and the other Babylon. And through the two of them blow hurricanes of dollar bills that leave you dizzy.

For one is the market place of rich and teeming Florida.

And Babylon on the beach, two miles away across island-studded Biscayne Bay, is a pleasure ground that even Kublai Khan would have hesitated to decree.

It is all right, for the long-hairs to shudder at the jumble of glass, tiles, chromium, gilt, and shimmering white concrete in every style, of architecture known to man and lots of others that just got dreamed up; but this amazing pile takes in something like 500 million holiday dollars (\$180 million) a year. So for a lot of people it must have something.

And it earns most of that money in 120 incredible days between December and March, when it can rightly claim to house more multi-millionaires, plain millionaires, film stars, and big-time gangsters than any other place in the world.

And to whom do you think it belongs right now (out of season)? Mamie Smith, typist, of Cincinnati.

She gets all that Babylon has to offer, a film star's life on an office girl's holiday fund, an air-conditioned room, with private bathroom and an ocean view, for anything from five to six dollars (\$1.15s. 10d. to \$2.3s.) a day, or eight dollars (\$2.17s. 4d.) with food and a quiet of what such a room would cost in season.

Nobody will mind if you want to share it with four friends, or pack in a family. They will be so glad to see you that they will even provide a couple of extra divans, so that you can make extra bedrooms from the vast walk-in clothes closets.

Just imagine sleeping surrounded by memories of mink and models by Dior and Faith. And for Mamie it is just the right time for holiday shopping. There is hardly a shop in

Bagdad or Bagdad that hasn't a sale sign in the window. Even Babylon's Lincoln Road, which calls itself America's Rue de la Paix, and where they might be expected to win at a word, they're just as quick as anybody else to put up slogans like "Save 50 cents on your dollar. Buy the most for the least!"

Catch them doing that at ermine and diamond time! Of course the weather is perfect; bright blue sky, brilliant sun, average temperature around 80, with a cool breeze at night. And it is pretty well guaranteed to stay that way, barring hurricanes.

Said Mamie, gazing bleakly at a bronzed young man diving in a topaz pool, then up at the Chinese, Gothic, Byzantine splendour of her residence: "This dump ought to start a lonely hearts club."

For round the pool, seeking solace in sun-lan, are half a dozen other Miamies. And that's pretty tough competition, even for an ex-campus queen of Cincinnati High.

When Mr Jones begins to explain to you how badly you have behaved, keep back everything you would like to say.

Look attentive—but try not to listen if you feel that his remarks will nettle you into an interruption.

When he has finished, merely say: "I am sorry, Mr Jones."

This will start him off again. ("It's all very well to say that you are sorry, but...")

When he has finished again, repeat: "I am very sorry, Mr Jones."

With any luck, this will get him going for the third time.

I say "with any luck" because all the while he is talking he is impressing himself with his own eloquence.

He is sustained by the logical strength of his argument.

When he has heard often enough how well it all sounds he is likely to start feeling sorry for you.

Those big-game fish, tuna, turbot, and sailfin, are at their biggest and gamiest in the spring. They must know when millionaires migrate.

Babylon, which has no cemetery, is the regular venue of the undertakers' convention.

Neither Babylon nor Bagdad has ever had a recorded case of sunstroke. And in the whole State of sunny Florida a handkerchief is the only article of apparel costing under ten dollars (\$3.11s. 8d.) that bears a luxury tax.



"THERE MUST BE A THIRD WAY"

Say 'sorry' if you are on the mat

by MRS AMBER BLANCO-WHITE

ONE of the most difficult and peculiar forms of conversation is known as "being on the mat."

It is most trying when you know that you are thoroughly in the wrong.

You have to face the boss knowing that the conversation is going to be all one-sided—in his favour.

If you argue or try to bluster your way out of your mistake you will be making a bigger mistake.

There is a better technique which is a good training, too, in the art of conversation.

When Mr Jones begins to explain to you how badly you have behaved, keep back everything you would like to say.

Look attentive—but try not to listen if you feel that his remarks will nettle you into an interruption.

When he has finished, merely say: "I am sorry, Mr Jones."

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I say "with any luck" because all the while he is talking he is impressing himself with his own eloquence.

He is sustained by the logical strength of his argument.

When he has heard often enough how well it all sounds he is likely to start feeling sorry for you.

He will see you standing there on the mat, docile, attentive, room for any conversation at all. For nobody wants to listen.

He sees you standing there so polite, and so clearly in the wrong. His thoughts will be—"Perhaps I'm being a little hard."

Another "I really am very sorry indeed, Mr Jones" should bring the conversation to an end.

He has reached the stage where his move must be: "Well—you can go now. But don't let me catch another mistake like this again."

Don't forget to thank Mr Jones before you go out.

All the things you might have said when you were on the mat can safely be let out when you get home.

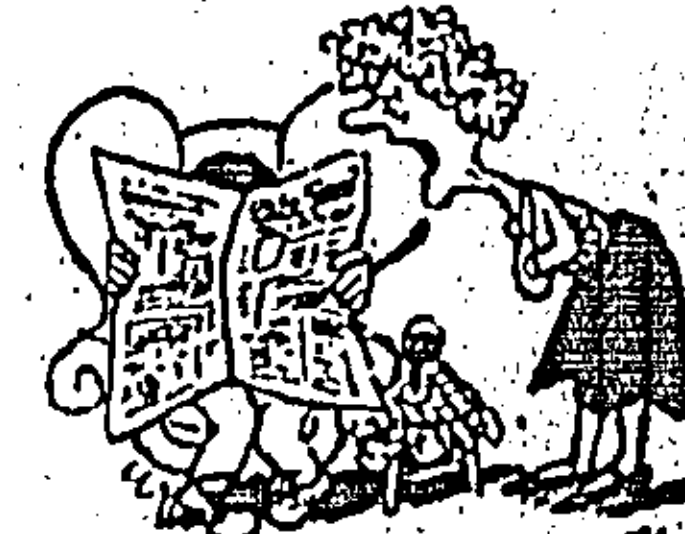
Home is the safe place where the boss can be torn to bits.

The only snag is that in many homes there is not much conversation.

The husband has long ceased to listen to his wife's daily affairs, the wife does not want to hear his office talk.

There is no slick, easy way to bring the art of conversation back into such homes.

Husbands and wives often demand too much from the institution of marriage and especially from marital conversation.



It is so different from the days of courtship, when both could be absorbed with such remarks as "I think..." "Yes, so do I." "Oh, do you?"

The keen attention to the lightest thoughts before marriage is expected to endure through life. It does not—even in happy marriages.

Husbands ought to hear exactly what their wives have been doing all day long—particularly when much of the work has been done to satisfy the husband's needs.

It is useless to hope that they will. A husband can be deeply devoted to his wife, even after he has "left off listening" to every word she says.

The main cause of these excessive expectations from family conversation is, the small size of the British family.

Home means just parents and their children. The grandparents rarely come into it—they are just visited; they live near enough, on duty calls.

Brothers and sisters may or may not be welcome if they drop in. There is no eager invitation for their company.

That is our national characteristic. In other countries, the girl when she marries becomes not only a wife but actively a member of her husband's family.

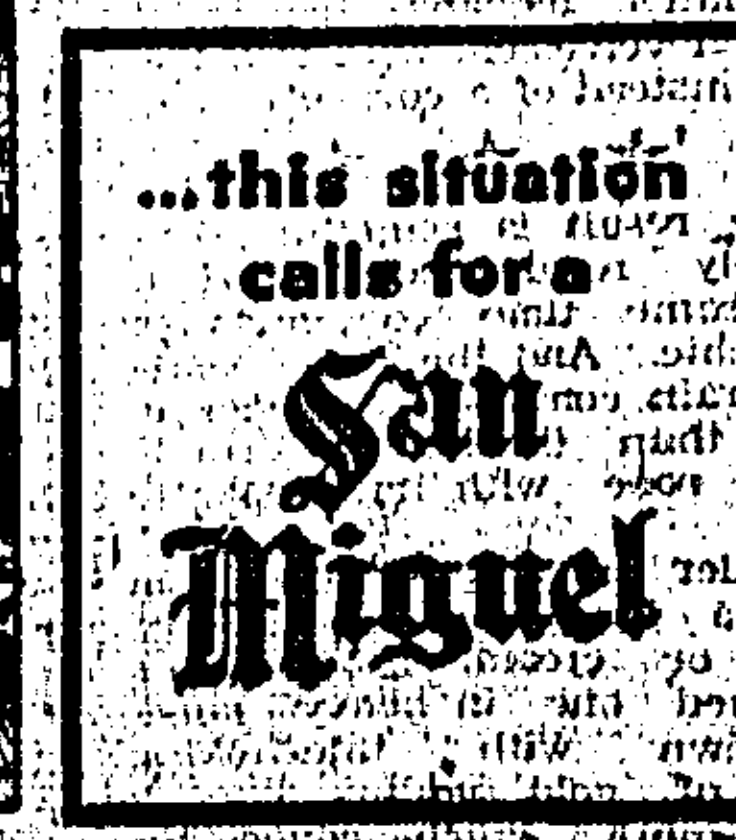
Family conversation stretches out, among dozens of relatives, who meet as often as they can.

We might not think much of such a system. There is no great love in this country for such family ties.

But nobody can deny that when relatives meet, tongues wag.

The art of conversation—in the home as anywhere else—thrives best when many people are keenly interested in what others are doing.

JOHNNY HAZARD

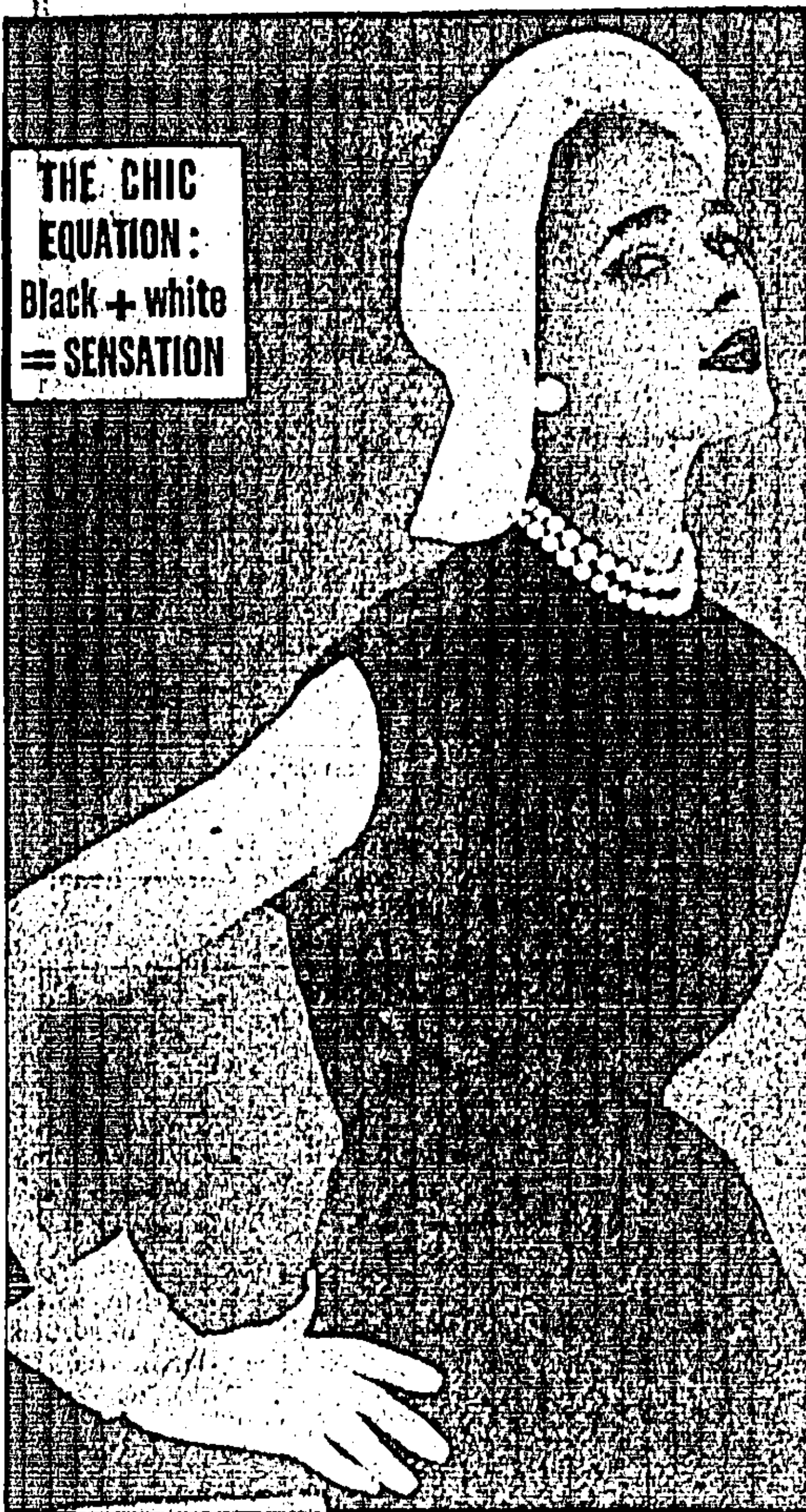


By Frank Robbins

...this situation calls for a San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

A choice every woman must make



THE CHIC EQUATION:
Black + white
= SENSATION

THE HARD-AND-SMART LOOK... high-necked black dress, white hat, necklace — the whole svelte and sophisticated.

**HARD-
and
SMART**

OR

**SOFT
and
PRETTY**

WHAT is it about her that makes her so elegant? It is the question women are asking themselves more and more as the London scene grows thickly sprinkled with visitors worth looking at.

And the answer? Nine times out of ten the Woman Worth Looking At is the woman who has decided successfully the stiffest problem of dressing well. Is she to be one of the Hard-and-Smarts—or one of the Soft-and-Pretties?

See how the decision splits the rungs of the well-known dress ladder. On the side of the Hard-and-Smart are the Duchess of Windsor, Mrs. Macmillan, wife of the French Ambassador, and Schiaparelli. On the side of the Soft-and-Pretty are the Duchess of Kent and the Begum Aga Khan, Queen Soraya of Persia, and Diana Wynyard.

It even splits Marlene Dietrich for she dresses the hard, chic way in private, and the soft, pretty way for films.

SLEEK AND SLENDER

Each side has its hallmarks, its successes, its pitfalls.

For the Hard-and-Smart the hallmarks are: Straight black dresses with high necks; chic hats that take a lot of wearing; sleek hair and slender figure; a devotion to dress that ignores comfort.

At its best, this style of dress turns out a woman with enamelled perfection and a sensational elegance no one can miss. At its worst, it can make her look freakish, unfeminine, and frightening.

For the Soft-and-Pretty brigade the hallmarks are: Soft materials and full skirts, dark off-blacks and low necks; hats that are fluttering; hairstyles that are soft; and a tendency to dress up to her face rather than her figure.

At its best this style of dress turns out an alluring elegance that invites you to look at the woman more than at her clothes.

At its worst—it can make her look messy, matronly, or mutton-dressed-as-lamb. It can make her wear a rose and a veil and a fur instead of a rose or a veil or a fur.

And alas, it is the style that both suits the British woman best—and leads her furthest astray.

—(London Express Service)

By Anne Edwards



THE SOFT-AND-PRETTY LOOK—with a simple style and a sweet and serene air.—Pictures by John French.

noticed age—it doesn't interest me. I don't feel any different at all."

SAID Claudette Colbert (aged 47): "I feel just the same as I did when I was 20, and I shall feel 20 when I am 80."

What is so splendid about feeling 20? Surely there is something to be said for feeling 47—or 60?

WASPS... AND MEN

THE FEMALE wasp has a short way with suitors who coo to her when she is returning to her nest with prey. She avoids them, she ignores them, she makes it clear she has no time for them.

The passionate mites, however, cannot bring themselves to give up hope, and they have been seen occasionally to cling to the backs of females and to prevent them from entering their burrows.

The resourceful female thus embarrassed has no difficulty in dealing with her suitor—she simply scrapes him off by walking between two pine needles. ... From "Lesser Worlds," by

Emotions May Cause Skin Itch

By H. N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

SOME people are bothered with severe itching that is really due to worry or emotional strain. We are learning more every day about this type of disorder, called psychosomatic, in which the thoughts act unconsciously on the nervous system and affect the body. This itching is not "imaginary." It is an honest-to-goodness disease, sometimes with a definite rash. The condition cannot exactly be called rare, but it is not very frequent, either.

Other Causes

Most itching comes from other causes, one of the most frequent being an allergy. Many people itch because of parasites living on the body, such as lice, or the mites which cause scabies. Skin diseases may also cause itching, as do internal disorders that produce jaundice, with the skin turning yellowish.

In those cases where emotional stress is at the bottom of the trouble, the itching tends to appear when the person worries, or is annoyed about something. It may also occur if the emotions are "bottled up" or repressed.

Usually the itching is greater when there is more strain, and once the strain is relieved the itching subsides. In many cases that have been studied, a return of the emotional stress has brought on a return of itching.

Scratching An Expression In these cases, the emotions are usually too strong for the person to handle. When the patient's mind, the skin condition seems to improve.

Sometimes the condition gets so severe and the scratching so pronounced that there are actual scratch marks and irritations on the skin. It may even become hard and thickened and lose its elastic properties.

A typical person suffering from this disorder can control his emotions during the day, and the itching is not too bad. As night falls, however, the person becomes wearier and the itching becomes prolonged. The warmth of the bed further stimulates the skin and the itching may become unbearable.

Scratching actually seems to give the person a way of expressing the emotions and feelings that had been troubling him.

Usually this type of itch is helped by mild sedatives and talking over the problem with a family doctor or psychiatrist. Once the emotional factor is withdrawn, the itching stops.

OH, SO CHARMING...

I LOOKED IN on the Couple of the Moment as they lunched together at the Dorchester. They are, of course, Portland, aged four, and her friend Benji, aged three—a pair of precocious poppets whose film-star parents have brought them up on the progressive American system of "Do whatever you like, darling, whenever you feel like it."

Benji greeted me with a dirty look and Porty shot me with a miniature silver gun.

"Have a Scotch, Benji," she said, and filled in the ensuing conversational lull with a high squeal like a siren: "Yoo-hoooo."

"Don't scream, Porty," said Benji. "The waiter's coming with lunch."

"So what?" piped Portland, screaming hard. "I can scream all I want in my own house, can't I?"

For pip-pipped like a train signal and leaned forward: "Do you know how many times I've seen Hans Christian Andersen?" she said. "Five times. And 'Peter Pan'! Gee I guess I don't know how many times."

SO—IT'S TIME TO GO

"I hate Captain Hook," said Benji. "He's a snake."

"I've got a snake," said Portland, twining her table napkin round her neck while she made noises like a train whistle: "Whoooooow."

"Tell it to bite her," said Benji, looking at me. "Make her go away."

"Go away, you," said Portland. "Now don't you want the lady to play and have some ice-cream with you?" said the nurse. "No, go away. I hate English ice-cream, anyway," announced Portland. "I wish I was back in California."

"Shoot that funny lady," begged Benji. "Make her go away." "Bang, bang. You're dead. Go away, go away," they squealed.

I closed the door. "Oh, goody, she's gone," they said. "You hooow... pip-pip... wheee-ow."

GOOD SALARY FOR MODELS WITH CURVES

LONDON fashion models have found that they are no longer out of a job if they start putting on weight.

In fact, if they are really "O.S." they can earn a fat salary.

Eighteen months ago Miss Olive Clare, aged 36, a London model, was as slim as any woman could wish to be.

But there wasn't much work about for slim models. So she began a fattening diet.

She says: "I found I could do better by being dumpy. I now represent the average country woman, buxom and round. I eat everything I can, where and when I can."

"I just want to get fatter and fatter."

—(London Express Service)

CORONATION COUTURE

By HAZEL MEYRICK

London. In Mayfair's back streets, as the Coronation draws near, there are going on frantic last-minute fittings of the clothes which will be worn by peeresses at the crowning.

The higher your rank, the more you wear. A baroness for instance, has two rows of ermine tails on her cape, but a marchioness wears three-and-a-half rows.

A baroness gets away with a short, easy-to-manage train, but a duchess has to cope with a heavy cape which makes her shoulders and trails for a good two yards behind her as she walks. Turning corners becomes a hazard—she must kick her train to one side, or it becomes enlarged round her ankles. All this and coronet too, which she has to balance on her head.

The new nobility, who find they cannot afford the traditional robe, will wear instead an alternative design by Norman Hartnell (with the Earl Marjib's blessing) in white fur and velvet, with a cap of state instead of a coronet.

The result is something extremely regal-looking and at the same time contemporary and chic. And the new coat-and-train combined is easier to wear than the heavier traditional robe with its separate cloak.

Under the robe of state, you wear a "sunder" dress of white or cream. Hartnell has designed one in heavy lace, oversown with interlinking rings of gold sequins, like a chain-mail, which cover the



The sketches show the old and the new robes of state for a peeress. At left: eating sandwiches is a marchioness in the full robe of state, a kirtle with sleeves and a long separate train. Standing beside her, a baroness wears one of the new alternative gowns with a deep shawl collar and a short scalloped train.

simple skirt and décolleté bodice. With the gown is worn a pair of above-the-elbow length gloves.

Because they have to be in their places in the Abbey at dawn, there will be little or no sleep for the peeresses. Beauty and hair-dressing salons will be working all night. First will come a facial, and a special make-up that will play put in the long hours ahead. Then comes a visit to the hair-stylist to have a coiffure built up round their coronet.

Those unfortunates who left their hair appointments too late will have to have their hair done on the evening before, and sit up all night in their dressing rooms. London transport, resources, and even the special underground train to

take everyone to the Abbey in his head when he rose to put it on.

With the eagle eye of the newsmen and TV cameras on them in the Abbey this time, everyone is fervently hoping no hitches will occur.

There were some most unfortunate incidents at the coronation of Queen Victoria: A high church dignitary tripped and fell as he went to pay homage to her. Then the archbishop forced the ring of state onto the wrong finger of her and she "suffered great pain" in wrenching it off again.

Finally, a bishop turned over two edges at once in the book, and announced the ceremony was over. The Queen immediately left the Abbey and had to come back to be crowned.

At the last coronation, and poor secreted his lunch inside his coronet, forgot about it, then slipped the sandwiches over

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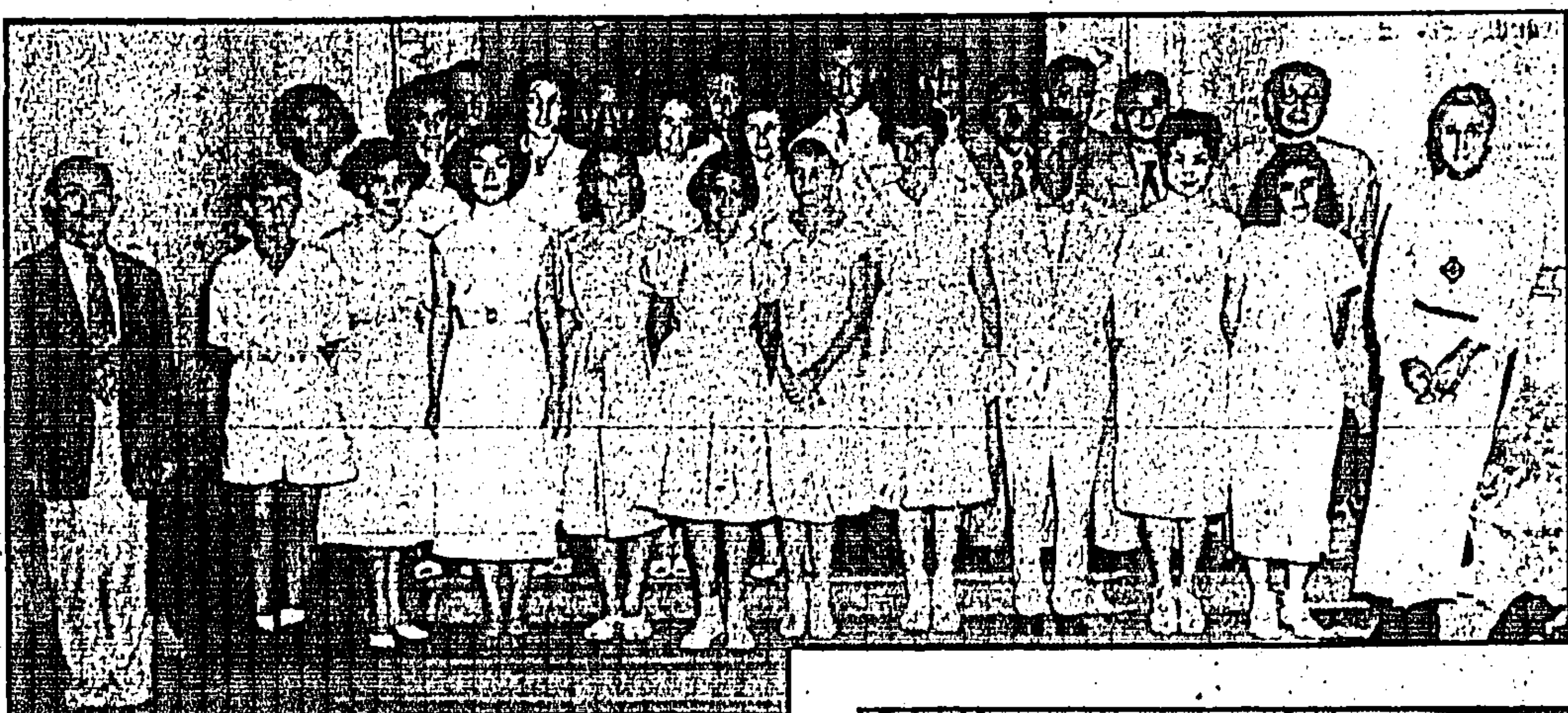
GROUP picture taken at St John's Cathedral last Sunday on the occasion of the christening of Hans Erik, infant son of Mr and Mrs H. Gadoborg. (Ming Yuen)



LADY GRANTHAM recently visited Army schools and welfare centres in Kowloon, and here she is seen with the teacher and some of the children at the Infants' School in Whitefield Barracks.



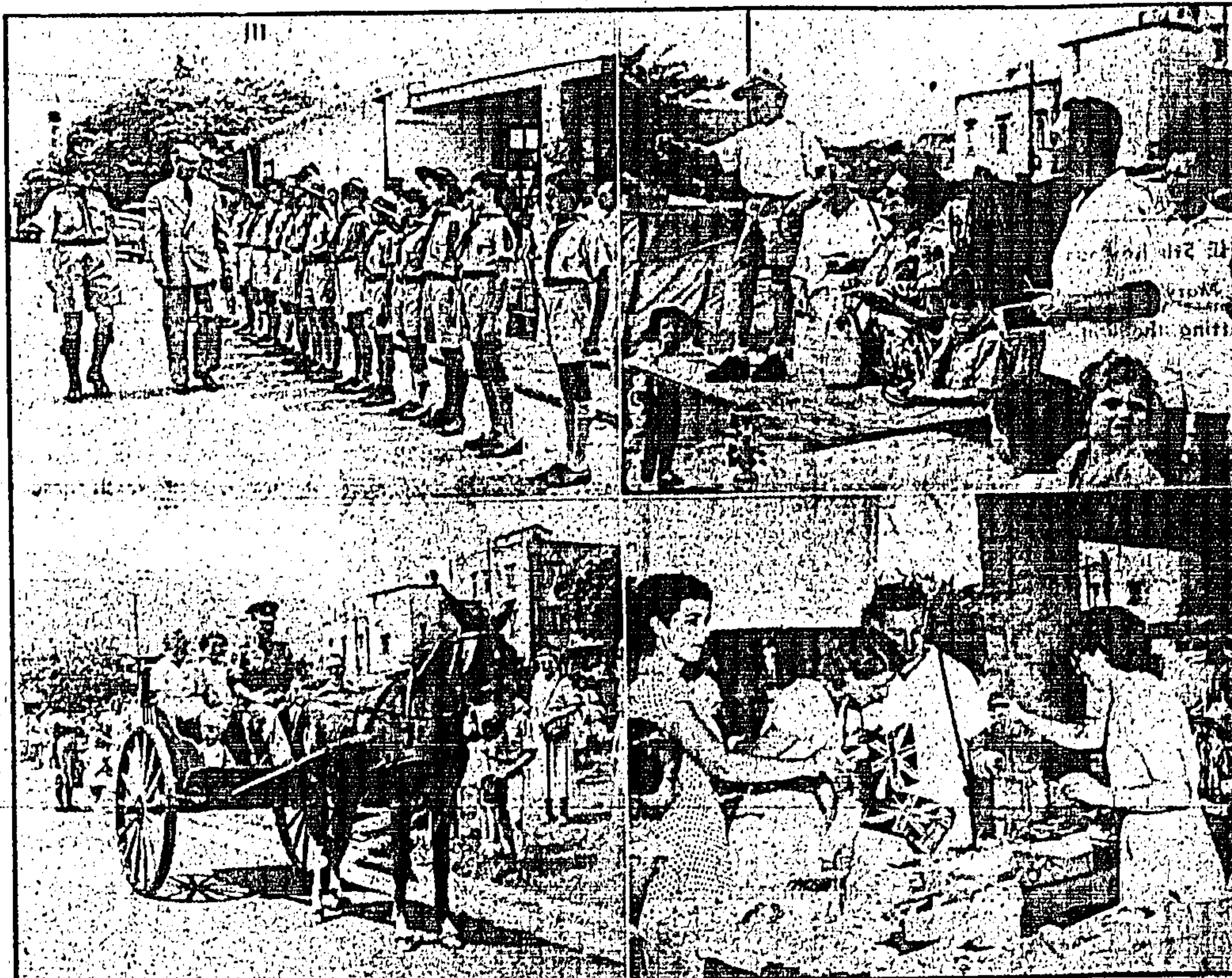
LEFT: Dr D. K. Samy (extreme right) seen at his birthday party with Mrs Samy and Mr and Mrs Vicente Singian. (Willie's)



GROUP of candidates who were confirmed at St John's Cathedral last Sunday evening by the Bishop of Hongkong, the Rt Rev. R. O. Hall. (Staff Photographer)



MAJOR G. P. Brewer (right), who won the Champion-at-Arms Cup of the Hongkong Fencing Association, is shown with the trophy, presented to him at the YMCA last Saturday. Congratulating him is Major C. W. N. de Corday Long. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Miss Rosemary Anna Road, daughter of Mr and Mrs A. J. S. Road, cutting the cake at her coming-of-age party. Her parents and Mr W. A. Stewart (right) look on. (Willie's)

PICTURES taken at last Saturday's Coronation Fair organised by the 12th Kowloon (Christ Church) Boy Scouts Troop. It was opened by Mr F. C. Cleme, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Boy Scouts' Association, who is seen inspecting the guard of honour at top left. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Members of the Medical Faculty of Hongkong University who attended a bon voyage dinner party given to Prof. and Mrs A. J. S. McFadden, who are going on leave shortly. (Ming Yuen)



The ideal summer dresses

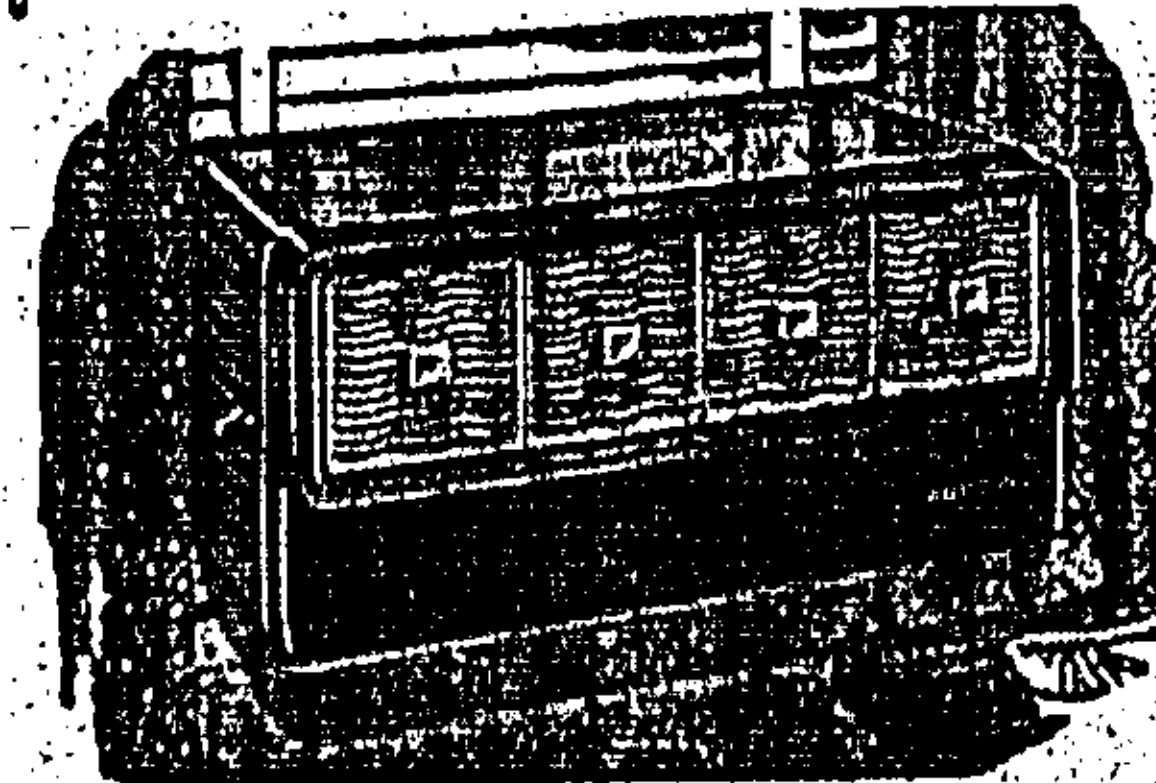
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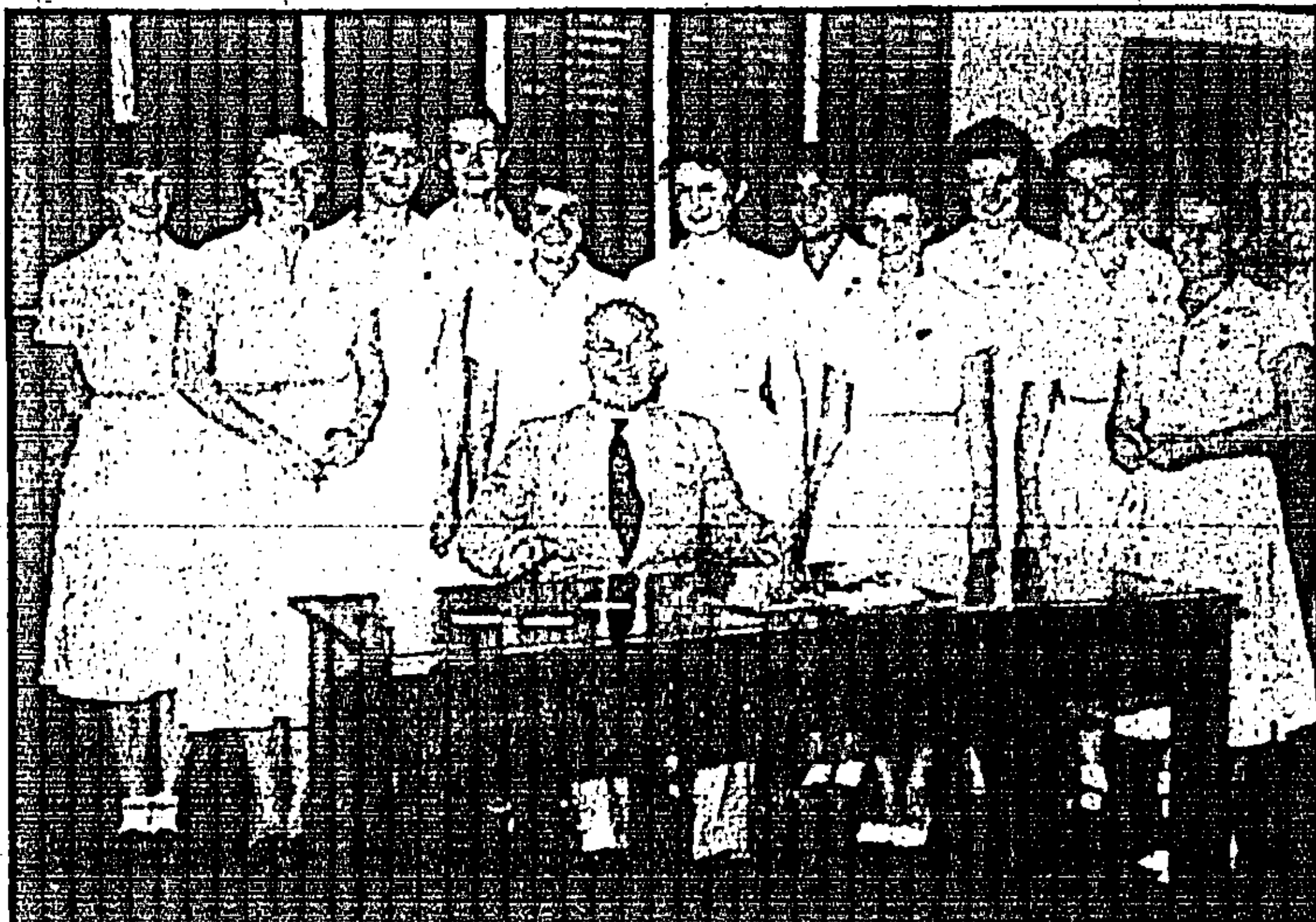
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THE 5th Kowloon Girl Guide Company celebrated their 21st anniversary at St Mary's School last week. Top picture shows the Rev. Mother Virginia cutting the anniversary cake. Lower photo shows presentation of badges. (Mainland)



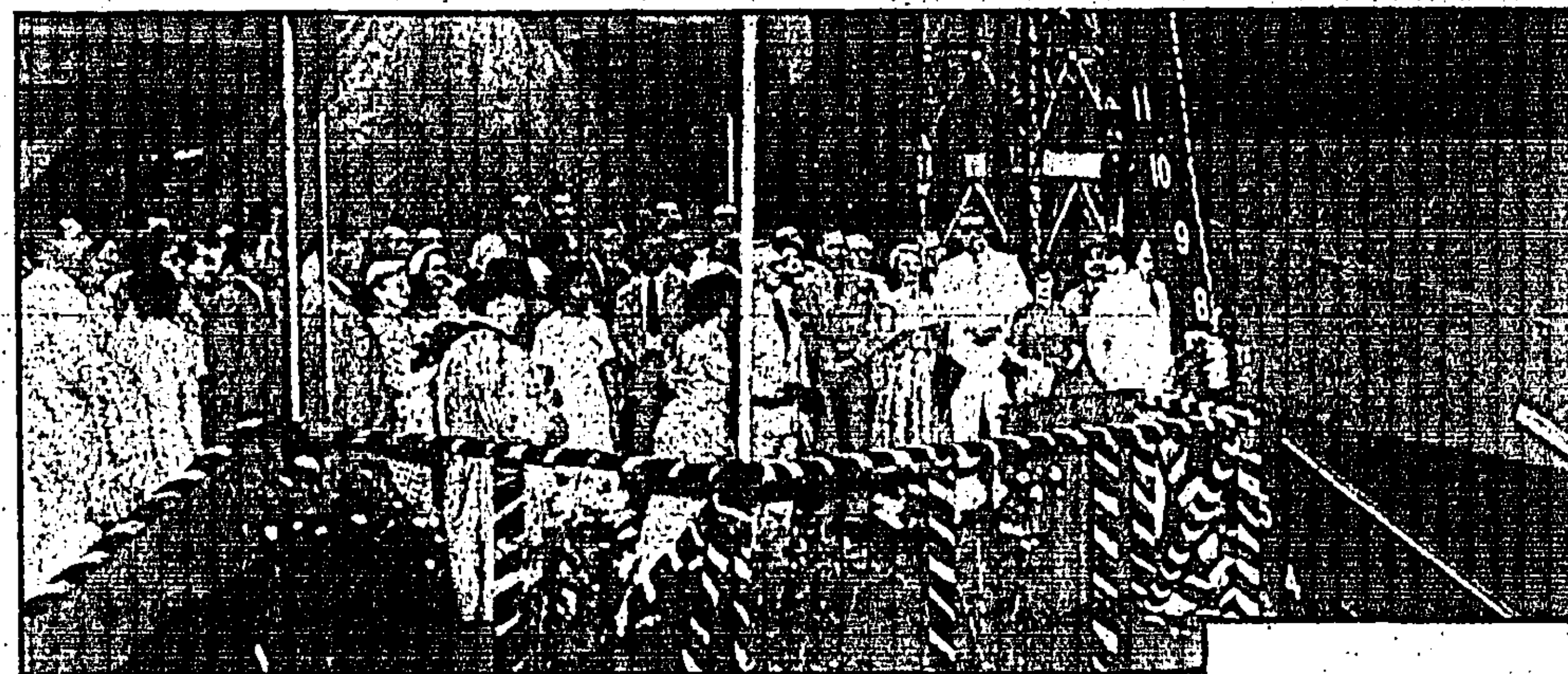
KING GEORGE V School girl prefects who attended the parents and teachers tea party last week photographed with the Principal, Mr A. L. Potter. (Willie's)



A programme of Chinese music and songs by well-known stage personalities added to the enjoyment of those who attended the St Stephen's College Old Boys' Association "at home" at Stanley last Saturday. Above: The Warden, Canon E. W. L. Martin, with some old boys. Right: Miss Hung Soon-nui, noted actress, giving a song. (Staff Photographer)



CHRISTOPHER JOHN, seven-month-old son of Capt. J. N. Barber, RA, and Mrs Barber, was christened at St Andrew's Church last Saturday, after which those who attended posed for above picture. (Willie's)



THE Choral Group shopped at the concert of religious and operatic music which they presented at Queen's College last Tuesday. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: Mrs J. Crichton breaks a bottle of champagne against the bow of the new motor ship Petaling to launch her at the Taikoo Dockyard. The new vessel is to be used in Malayan waters by the Straits Steamship Company. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Prof. Arrigo Foa conducting the Sino-British Orchestra during Thursday's Coronation broadcast concert at Radio Hongkong. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: At the opening on Thursday of the Kowloon Girl Guides Divisional Headquarters. Right-hand picture shows arrival of HE the Governor and Lady Grantham. Left: Mr D. Benson, Chairman of the Stewards of the Jockey Club, which donated the building, planting a commemoration tree. (Staff Photographer)



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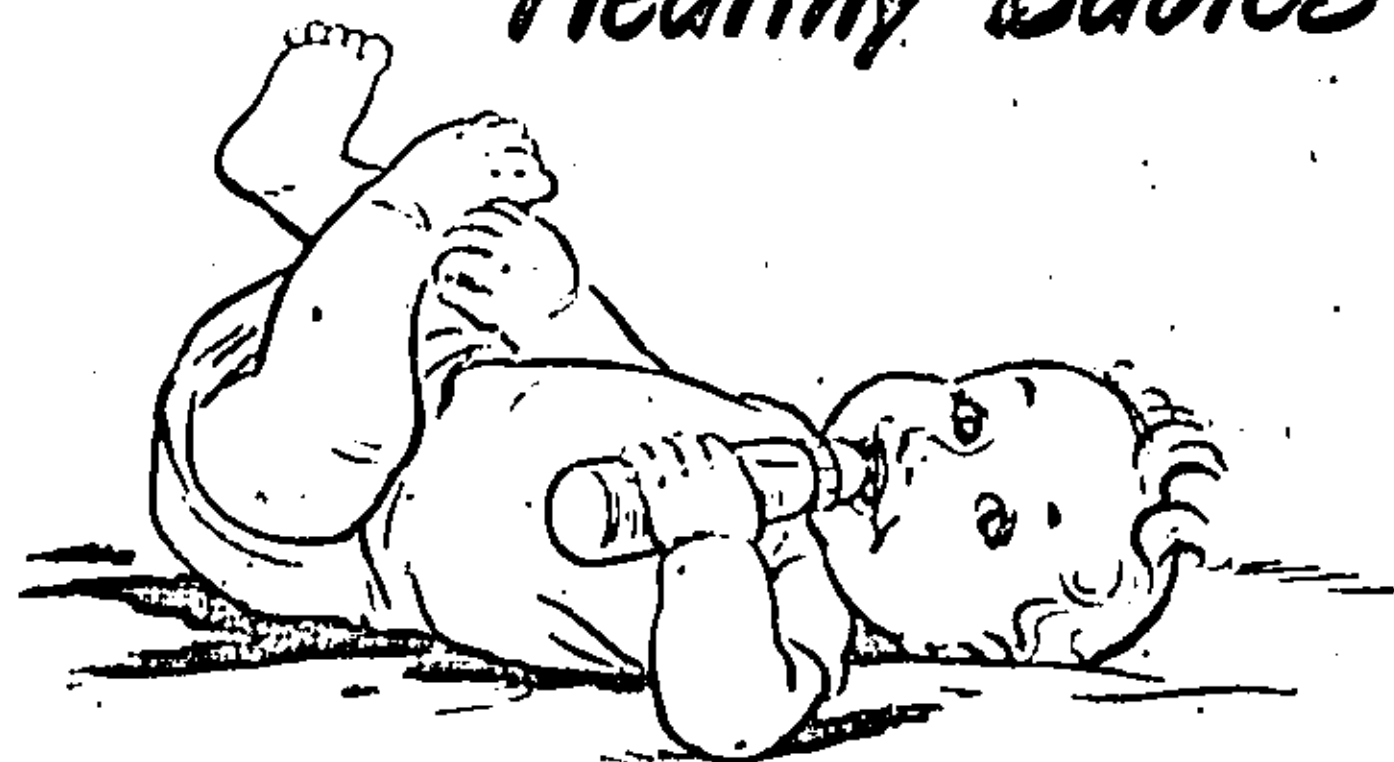
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Our Homecraft Page presents a chair cover with a queenly theme

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who designed
the robe the
Queen will
wear at her
Coronation

THE Coronation "Tapestry" which Miss Freda Ward has designed specially is intended for use as a chair cover.

But you may of course use it for anything you like—as a chair-back, table-cloth or, framed, as a wall decoration.

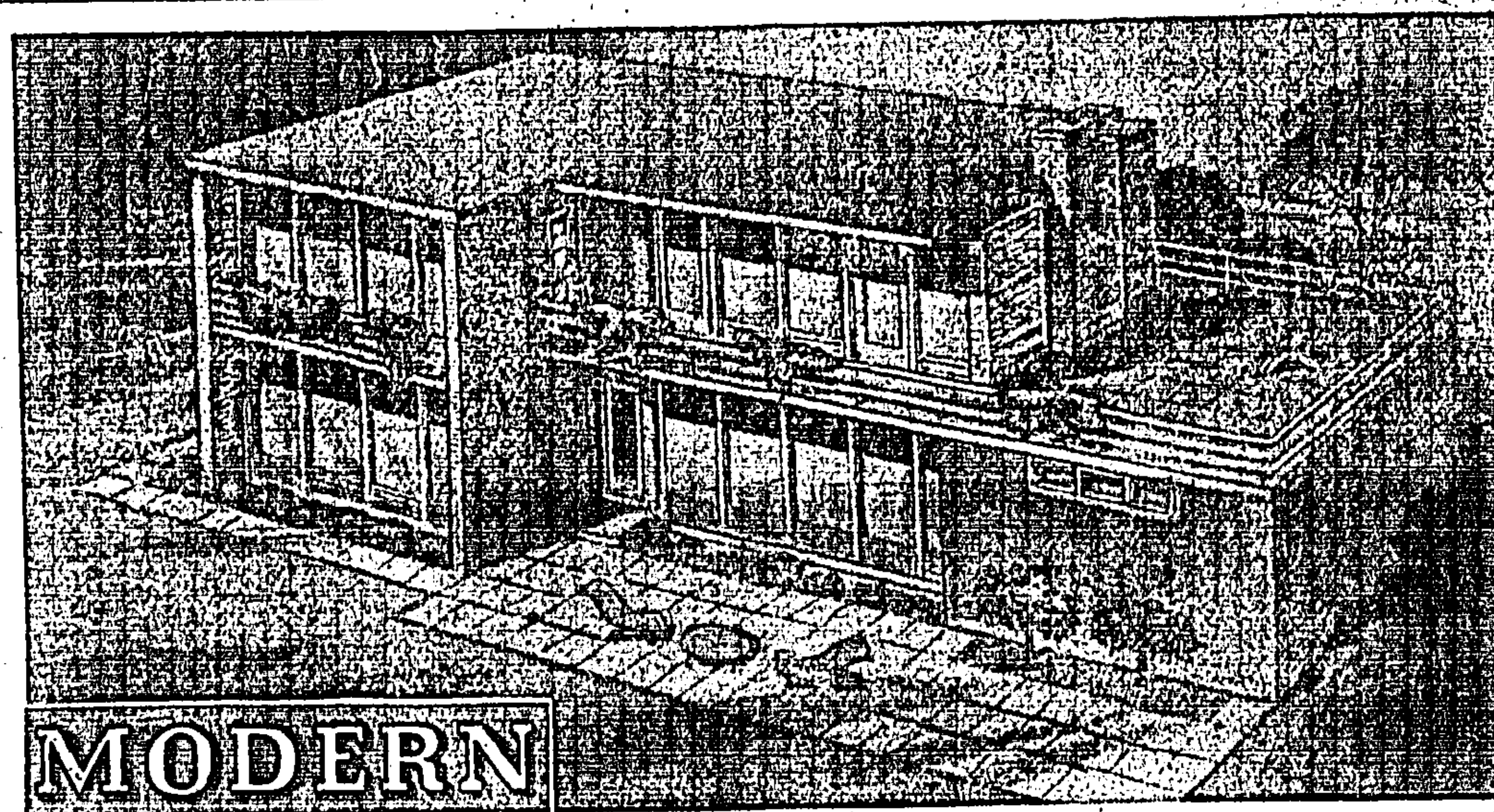
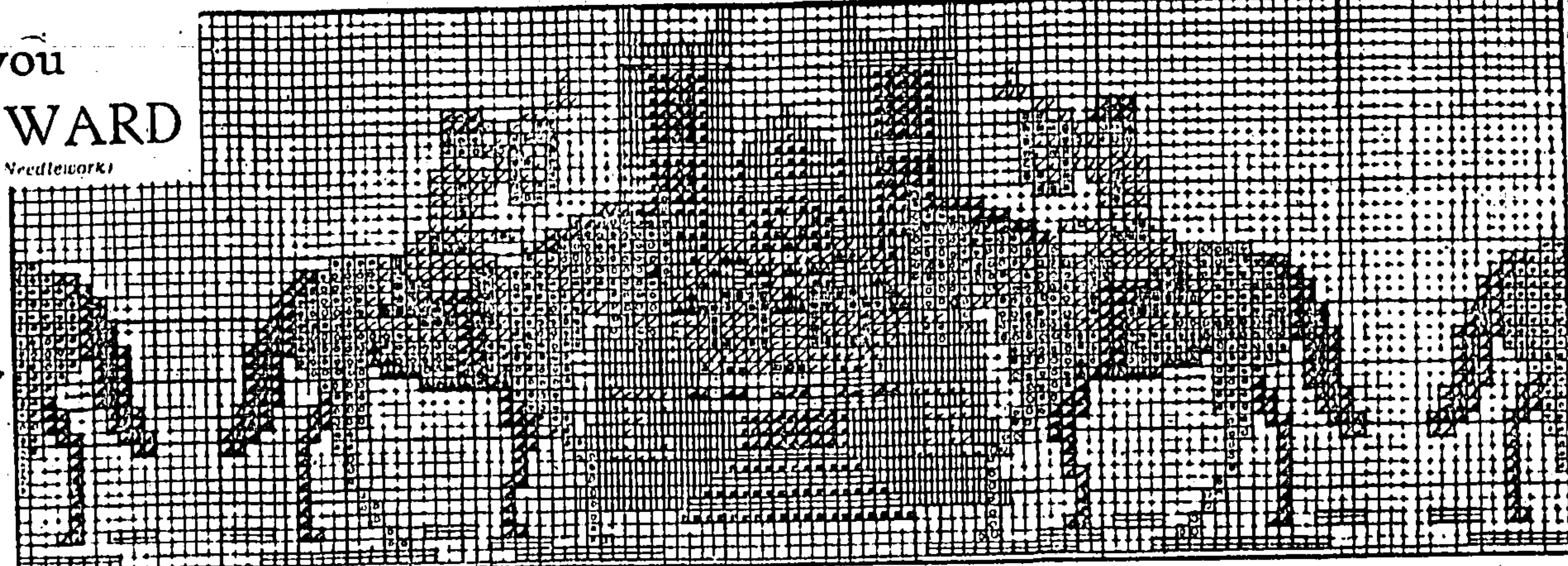
Now to make it. First, buy your canvas, marked out in squares, and your wools in the ten colours shown in the key.

The cover is made up of a design repeated, at intervals of five small squares, in rows on the canvas.

Start at the centre and work your first design, counting up the squares in the large design above and following the pattern on the canvas squares. The colour key (right) tells you what colours to use for the horses, the Abbey, and so on. And the small picture top right shows you what the result will look like.

Last of all fill in the background—with blue, as in the key, or any colour you like.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> RED | <input type="checkbox"/> LT. CHESTNUT |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BLUE | <input type="checkbox"/> DK. GREEN |
| <input type="checkbox"/> GOLD | <input type="checkbox"/> MID. GREEN |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BROWN | <input type="checkbox"/> LT. GREEN |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BLACK | <input type="checkbox"/> WHITE |
- ☐ Cut out the design and paste it on cardboard.
☐ Follow the ten-colour key exactly.



MODERN

FOR PEOPLE WHO LIKE GLASS HOUSES, a charming modern home with windows aplenty that add to the attractive exterior design and provide plenty of light and air for the interior. A sun deck and a patio are two other features of this house.

By **JOAN O'SULLIVAN**

WHEN it comes to architectural designs, some like the traditional type homes, others are modern-minded. Today we present both—something old, something new—The choice is yours.

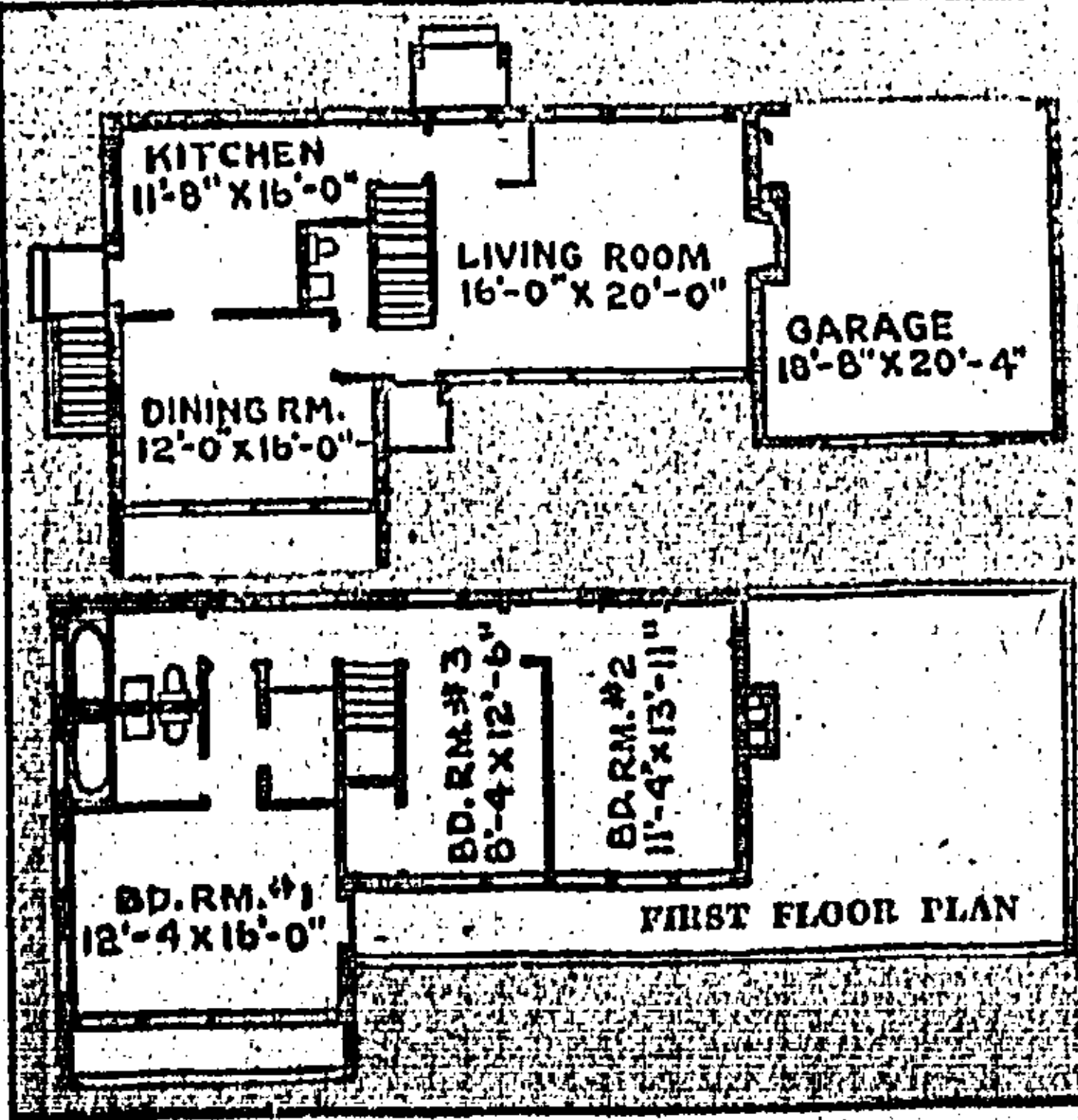
The modern house shown here is as up-to-the-minute as atomic energy. It incorporates all the charming features that have proved popular with young homemakers. It's almost a glass house, with picture windows aplenty to capture attractive views and make them an integral part of the interior decor.

★ ★ ★

One of the most intriguing features of this house is the first-storey sun deck and terrace.

Downstairs, the good-sized living room is a decorator's dream. Light streams in from windows on both sides of the room. A handsome fireplace holds the interest along a third wall.

Like most large houses, this home has a separate dining room. A good plan for families who like to entertain. The kitchen is adjacent to it and, needless to say, is streamlined, with one corner designed for dining. It occupies an area of 24,500 cubic feet.



LIKE MANY TWO-STORY HOUSES, this has a bathroom both upstairs and downstairs. All bedrooms have an entrance to the sun deck.



Let's Eat

BY **IDA BAILEY ALLEN**

Follow This Procedure To Make Veal "Cutlet" Tender

"REGARD, Madame, this failure, this veal cutlet that misses the mark," wailed the Chef. "I bought it against my best judgment, which is, that good veal is light in colour, while this is dark; and that veal cutlet should be cut across the fibres, which this was not."

"Ah, I say to myself, our friend the homemaker is going to have a disappointing cooking this imitation. I must try this veal cutlet by the usual recipe, and find out the worst. Tasse, Madame."

"It is like rubber and the crumb-coating didn't stick. It is most unappetising, Chef. What can be done with 'cutlets' like these?"

"I have cooked a second one, Madame, with happier results. I tasted again. 'This one is much better. And what is your secret, Monsieur?'"

"The meat must first be tenderized, a real French coating applied, and the frying must be slow."

Dinner
Pickled Beets on Lettuce
Ketchup Sauce
Whipped Potato String Beans
Lemon Puff Pie
Coffee Tea Milk
All Measurements Are Level
Recipes Serve Four

Veal Cutlet
Cut 1 lb. thin-sliced veal cutlet, or any lean portion of veal, into 4 portions. Pound with a meat mallet until thin. Mix together 1/2 c. flour, 1 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. monosodium glutamate, and 1/2 tsp. pepper. Rub into the veal. Beat 1 egg slightly and add 1/4 c. cold water. Dip in the slices one at a time; coat with fine dry bread crumbs and let stand 10 min. to let the coating dry onto the meat. Meanwhile, into a deep frying pan put enough lard or vegetable fat to make a depth of 1/2 inch when melted. Heat but do not let it smoke. In it fry the veal on one side for 4 min.; then on the

other. Lower the heat; continue to fry about 12 min., or until fork-tender and golden brown. Drain on crumpled paper.

Lemon Puff Pie
Make and bake 1 (8-inch) pie shell. Remove from the oven when not quite brown enough. Make the pie filling as follows: Separate 3 eggs, dropping the egg yolks into a double boiler top. Add and beat in 1/3 c. granulated sugar, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1/3 c. water and 3 tsp. fresh, strained or frozen lemon juice. Cook and stir over boiling water until thick. Cool.

Beat the egg whites stiff. Beat in 1/4 c. sifted powdered sugar and continue beating until stiff and glossy. Fold into the cooled lemon mixture; add 1/2 tsp. lemon extract. Heap into the pie shell. Bake 12 min. at a hot oven, 400° F., or until the filling is light brown. Cool; serve within 4 hrs.

Trick of the Chef
Add a teaspoonful caraway seed to the vinegar for pickling beets.

Household Hints
Before washing a slipcover, give it a thorough going-over with a whisk broom to remove all possible surface dust, and of the dirt which has accumulated in the seams.

If you're in doubt about the safety of a home appliance, it may be better to replace it with a tested equipment. The safety of most home appliances is: laboratory checked and most places you buy will bear certification of safety and reliability.

THIS is the second part of the Duke of Windsor's coronation memoirs, in which he sets down certain thoughts evoked by the approaching coronation of his niece, Queen Elizabeth II. In last Saturday's instalment, the Duke described the coronation of his grandfather, King Edward VII, and also discussed the many changes and social upheavals that have taken place since that time. Today he sets out what he considers as King Edward VII's contribution towards popularising the monarchy, and takes the reader up to the death of that beloved King and the coronation of King George V, at which, as Prince of Wales, he played a leading part.

As matters turned out my grandfather's estimate of his own ability proved over-modest. In many respects his reign was a brilliant one. With an intuitive understanding of what the British people expected of their royal family he restored to the State ceremonial the splendour and precision it had lost during his mother's widowed retirement.

Whereas Victoria had remained a withdrawn, almost mysterious figure, seldom seen in London, preferring instead the seclusion of Windsor Castle, or Osborne in the Isle of Wight and of Balmoral in the Highlands of Scotland, and rarely venturing beyond the confines of her royal estates, my grandfather undertook to bring the monarch back into public view. He reopened Buckingham Palace on a grand scale for state and social entertainment. He made a point of opening Parliament in person at the beginning of each new session, a practice that Victoria had allowed to lapse. He was often seen driving around the streets of London, and his frequent appearances at Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, Doncaster and the other important racing meetings were always signals for a popular demonstration. In this sense King Edward made the monarch more accessible.

My grandfather's cosmopolitan interests, and his intimate acquaintance with continental Europe and its peoples led him to take more than a sovereign's normal interest in diplomacy. While Queen Victoria's sympathies had been distinctly Germanophilic, partly out of affection for the memory of her beloved husband Albert the Prince Consort, King Edward's lay more with the French and not merely because of his love of Paris.

SUSPICIONS

To a certain extent my grandfather's suspicions of Germany were coloured by personal prejudice. His wife, Queen Alexandra, had been born a Danish Princess. She never forgave what she used to call "Blomarek & Co." for robbing her father, Christian IX, of the Danish throne. The Schleswig-Holstein and Lauenburg possessions of her brother-in-law, the Duke of Cumberland, of the kingdom of Hanover that would have fallen to him. But my grandfather's antipathy toward Germany was also influenced by more practical considerations: the "kaiser's meddling" of Prussia threatening the peace of Europe, caused him to look with increasing disapproval upon the struttings of his nephew Kaiser Wilhelm II. The Franco-Prussian "Entente Cordiale" of 1904 which ended Britain's long isolation from continental entanglements came about in no small degree by reason of his personal prestige and influence.

Yet even as King Edward moulded the monarchy in reflection of his many-sided personality, there was much at home to worry and perplex him. The fortunes of the Conservative Party, which had been in slow decline were finally shattered in 1905 by the spectacular victory of the Liberals, that brought to power brilliant and audacious politicians.

Among them was a young Welsh lawyer, David Lloyd George, who earlier had shocked

British Conservative opinion by his pro-Bour sentiments and who now incensed the hereditary class by his outspoken attacks on privilege.

Toward the end of King Edward's reign Lloyd George became Chancellor of the Exchequer. His revolutionary "people's budget" of 1909, proposing higher taxes and other financial measures on a scale many then considered confiscatory, which precipitated the political crisis that darkened the last days of my grandfather's life and clouded the first days of my father's reign.

COLLISION

THE House of Lords being preponderantly Conservative rejected the "people's budget" out of hand as being revolutionary in nature. That action at once brought the Lords and the Commons into violent collision. The Liberals, under Mr. Herbert H. Asquith, decided to carry the issue to the country. In a general election in January 1910, a few months before my grandfather died, they were returned to power. Asquith now moved to erase the opposition of the Lords by introducing the so-called "Parliament Bill," which would have abolished the veto power of the hereditary houses over money bills and other popular legislation. To ensure the passage of this bill he proposed to extract from the King a promise "to pack" in the American phrase, the Upper House by creating enough Liberal peers—even as many as 100—whom he could choose to swamp the Conservatives.

My grandfather was at once placed in an extremely difficult quandary. Constitutionally he could not oppose his Prime Minister without appearing to flout the will of the people; at the same time he recognized the creation of peers on a mass production scale would debase the peerage and make a mockery of the House of Lords. He was still pondering this dilemma when death overtook him at Buckingham Palace, and this same time he recognized the creation of peers on a mass production scale would debase the peerage and make a mockery of the House of Lords. He was still pondering this dilemma when death overtook him at Buckingham Palace, and this same time he recognized the creation of peers on a mass production scale would debase the peerage and make a mockery of the House of Lords.

Against his better instincts and as many authorities contend against strict constitutional practice my father was persuaded to give a secret pledge that in the event of the Liberal Government's being returned in another general election scheduled for December of that same year, he would do as Asquith wished. The Liberals won again by a narrow margin. The bill, reintroduced into Parliament, was again blocked by the Lords. The controversy raged on through the rest of that winter and into the spring and summer, with only a brief pause for a political truce to quiet the air during my father's coronation.

MISGIVINGS

THE violent injection of the throne into party politics combined with his own misgivings over the pledge he had so reluctantly given weighed heavily on my father. He was often to refer to it later as one of the most distressing experiences of his entire life. In the end, however, the House of Lords capitulated; the need of my father's redeeming his pledge disappeared. But meanwhile the constitutional crisis

THE PRINCE OF WALES SCARED OF THE ABBEY

By THE DUKE OF WINDSOR



THE AUTHOR — A NEW PHOTOGRAPH

provided a sombre background for his coronation.

In December of 1910 my family had moved into Buckingham Palace. I was still a naval cadet at Dartmouth. In the normal course of events I should have passed the final Dartmouth examinations in the spring and left on a six months' cruise to North America and the West Indies with my term-mates. However, my father decided that I was old enough to play my part as Prince of Wales at his coronation; I was forced to forgo the cruise and break my service in the Royal Navy. This was the first serious disappointment of my life.

I was now rising seventeen and held a commission in the Grenadier Guards. The significance of the Coronation ceremony, twelve days before at Windsor I had been invested with the Order of the Garter, one of the oldest orders of chivalry. My father conferred this honour upon me and I had been sent with a tutor and governess to Frogmore nearby. My diary entries for that period reflect something of the atmosphere of preparation as the great event drew near. Tuesday, April 4, 1911, Buckingham Palace, London.

At dinner Papa gave me much information for the summer, telling me amongst other things what I should wear at the Coronation.

A man came to try on the Garter dress and robes that Papa has given me. There are going to be made some alterations, as it does not fit well in parts. I think it is a beautiful dress, and will look very well when ready. It is so lucky that Papa can let me have his dress,

as another would be expensive and very hard to get.

After lunch, the jeweller from Garrard came to try on the diamond Garter that Uncle George left me. It is far too large and he will have to alter the whole thing.

Tuesday, June 6, 1911. I dined alone with Mama at 8.30 and she told me a lot of useful and interesting things. She told me that Papa had arranged that Lord Revelstoke should carry my coronet at the Coronation. He is a member of the Duchy of Cornwall Council.

Wednesday, June 14, 1911, Frogmore House, Windsor.

I went later to the Castle to see Papa and Mama, who are both very busy now. I heard that the Grand Duke Michael is unable to attend the Coronation owing to slight indisposition. This complicates matters.

Thursday, June 15, 1911, Buckingham Palace, London. I finished packing up at Frogmore and at 10.00 drove up to the Castle, where we got into a carriage with Mama and Papa and drove down to the station. We arrived in London at 11.10 and drove to Buckingham Palace with an escort.

In the evening I drove to the Club with Milder (Mr. Hansell) and George and had a swim. We were delayed by an immense procession of eunuchs who were marching up Piccadilly. Oh! how the fools annoy me! Then I arranged a lot of coronation circulars, and dined as usual at 8.30.

June 16, 1911. Uncle Christian, the Crown Prince of Denmark, also dined as he is one of the first coronation representatives to arrive.

June 19, 1911. At 1.15 there was a most alarming family lunch with all the coronation representatives staying in the house. The Crown Prince of Germany was there as well as Granville, Aunt Maudie (Dowager Empress of Russia) and Aunt Toria. Then in the afternoon I saw Lord Shaftesbury and Ashley, his son, who is going to carry my robe at the coronation. At 4.30 I went to the Abbey, and there I was told what I had to do by the Earl Marshall. The whole place is most beautifully arranged.

June 20, 1911. I saw Lord Revelstoke about some arrangements for

the coronation. He is coming again tomorrow. I dined upstairs as Papa and Mama had an enormous banquet of over five hundred people.

June 21, 1911. After breakfast I saw Lord Revelstoke about the Coronation arrangements. At 11.00 I went alone with Milder to the Abbey to have one last look before the fateful day, tomorrow. I think I have now gathered most things. There were a few of the foreign relations at lunch. In the afternoon I went with Mama and Papa to the Horse Show at Olympia. After tea I went through the service with Milder and he explained a few things to me. I dined with Mama and Papa. Bertie also dined. Papa gave me some valuable hints for tomorrow.

CEREMONIAL

My father, like his father before him, set great store by the meticulous conduct of ceremonial detail. He questioned me closely to make sure I knew exactly what I had to do in Westminster Abbey. My answers satisfied him and he ended the talk with a reminder that my department should conform to the solemnity of the occasion.

While at my grandfather's coronation I had been bewildered and, indeed, I was now thoroughly scared. I had only been pulled out of the obscurity and regimented ways of a naval college which had been my lot for the previous four years. To be thrust forward suddenly as one of the principal actors in the coronation of a king was in itself hard enough; but the realization that I would be on public trial for the first time, that my every movement would be critically scrutinized by my elders, filled me with an apprehension bordering almost on terror.

On the day of the coronation, June 22, Finch had me and my three brothers up long before our usual waking time. Even at that early hour some of the 50,000 troops detailed to line the streets were beginning to take up their positions around Buckingham Palace. From our windows on the third floor looking down the Mall, as I watched all this activity until we were summoned by the harassed Finch for breakfast. Afterwards we paid our usual morning call on our parents to find them surrounded by maids and valets fussing over the last details of their elaborate coronation clothes.

Preoccupied as he was, my father nonetheless put aside his

preparations long enough to show me in the London Times an Admiralty Order rating me "a Midshipman in His Majesty's Fleet," and to hand me the disk that goes with the rank.

This promotion was no doubt intended to assuage my disappointment over missing the cruise with my term. Despite this brief interlude it was plain to me that my father was not entirely himself; his quarterdeck manner was more in evidence than usual. With the feeling of perhaps being in the way I backed out, drawing some secret comfort in the knowledge that somebody else was nervous too. It was awe inspiring to find myself in Westminster Abbey under the new circumstances attaching to my exalted position as Prince of Wales. This time, instead of watching the proceedings from the Princesses' box, I sat in front of the peers, in the same chair that had been occupied by my father nine years before. Archbishop Temple had died and in his place was Dr. Randall Davidson who had confirmed me the year before in the Protestant faith. The old Duke of Cambridge had also died meanwhile. Only Uncle Arthur remained to sit beside me. And instead of the knowledgeable Hansell and the faithful Finch to hover watchfully in the background, I was now attended by a page, Lord Ashley, to carry my robe, and by a peer, Lord Revelstoke, to carry my coronet.

In that gorgeous, glittering assemblage, watching the stately measures of the prelates and the great Officers of State in their robes of scarlet trimmed with ermine and gold, listening to the fanfares of trumpets, the rich tones of the organ and the voices of the choir, I became aware as never before of the true majesty and solemnity of kingship.

THE OATH

I SHALL never forget the sight of my father as he advanced to the altar and knelt there bare-headed and alone with his hand on the Bible to swear to the coronation oath. That oath is a compact between the sovereign and his people; the language is intensely eloquent and moving. He swore to "Govern the people of this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the Dominions thereto belonging, according to the statutes in Parliament agreed on and the respective laws and customs of the same"; to "cause law and justice, in mercy, to be executed in all his judgments"; and to "uphold the Protestant faith and the Established Church of England" of which he was the Defender.

If my father had been at all nervous beforehand he was now wholly in control of his emotions. His voice was strong and clear.

My father, although a religious man, had not too much patience with lengthy church services. Wherever he worshipped on Sundays the preacher was notified that his sermon must be brief. But my father was an invincible traditionalist and however much his simple spirit may have been oppressed by all the pomp surrounding him, the fact that this was the way British monarchs had for centuries been crowned was enough for him. He also had an unusual capacity for detaching himself from his immediate surroundings. I am sure that on that solemn occasion there were moments when he was oblivious of the mechanics of the pageantry revolving around him, and was conscious only of the simple and indeed sacred fact that he was dedicating himself to the service of the people.

THE HOMAGE

ABSORBED in the drama I forgot my own tension. The ancient ritual went on. There was the anointing of the King with consecrated oil; the touching of his heels with the golden spurs; the girding on of the sword of state; the placing in his hands of the two sceptres, and finally the actual crowning itself. That was the signal for all the peers to put on their coronets. From all came the cry in unison "God save the King." There was a blast of trumpets, and from the Tower came the boom of cannon firing a sixty-two gun salute.

When the Archbishop had rendered homage to the King I knew my moment had come. It was all the more difficult for me because what I had to do now involved my father. Were I to blunder or behave clumsily he would have felt that I had failed him. He was generous enough to record in his diary "Dear David... did it so well!" but I must confess that in my anxiety to fulfil his expectations of me I was scarcely conscious of my movements.

Eventually the coronation service came to an end. We had been in the Abbey almost four hours—it had seemed a lifetime. Then came the long procession back to Buckingham Palace following my parents in the gold coach wearing their crowns. I saw my three brothers and I all rode together in a "state" landau.

We had been instructed to be meticulous in returning the greetings of the throngs or which lined the streets. I literally did my sister carry out

this injunction; that her bows of acknowledgment became lower and lower until one particularly profound obeisance dislodged her coronet from her head. It fell with a clatter between our feet. Delighted at this break in the suspense which had held us all since early morning, we four brothers all dived down to rescue it. The crowd surrounding us laughed at her discomfiture and our collective gallantry.

THOSE BOXES

LATER that afternoon I found my father in his sitting room. There was still a huge concourse of people at the palace gates but he had taken off his coronation clothes. Dressed in a comfortable business suit he was at his desk, piled high with red dispatch boxes, and was hard at work on state papers.

That mental picture of my father at his desk with those official "boxes" has always seemed to me a much more authentic representation of the work of kingship than all the state occasions with which the public is more familiar.

These boxes pursue Kings or Queens wherever they may go. I remember them as inseparable features of a small child's fleeting impressions of Queen Victoria; there were always two or three of them on a table beside the chair where she worked in the garden, whether at Windsor, Osborne or Balmoral. Later on I used to see them in my grandfather's sitting room at Sandringham. Then in a more intimate sense I saw my father turn to cope with them and indeed was the occasion rare indeed when the occasion came that I went to his room without finding him poring over their contents: Cabinet minutes, governmental reports, foreign and colonial office dispatches, commissions and warrants for signature; not to mention appeals, petitions and even "in-laws" protests from all parts of the British realm. I had to deal with them for a short while myself. When I visited my brother Bertie after the war and only last year my niece Lillet, after she had become Queen, I had opportunities to observe how with the growth of bureaucracy their number had increased.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT SATURDAY

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SALT WATER TREASURE HUNT

By NEWELL ROGERS

New York. A SQUIGGLE of the President's pen is about to set off a mid-century American's greatest salt water treasure hunt.

He will write: "Dwight D. Eisenhower at the foot of a Billito gives the right to exploit oil deposits under the sea near these shores."

Under the Gulf of Mexico there is estimated to be 13,000 million barrels—equal to one-third of the U.S. reserve.

Until now, an ownership dispute between Washington and the States has held back wide-scale drilling. But prospecting

factories are ready to sail and one company has engaged two retired rear-admirals to boss marine operations.

AT PRESENT they cannot drill through more than 60 feet of water. But they hope to develop processes for drilling through 600 feet.

They work from double-deck steel and plastic platforms anchored on steel pilings driven 100 feet into the sea bottom.

The upper deck 40 feet above the sea is for protection against hurricane waves. What tired, unimaginative fellow said there are no more

frontiers to conquer, no more fortunes to be made by adventurous spirits?

THE National Manpower Council warns President Eisenhower of a dangerous shortage of atomic age scientists. They have found only about 155,000 trained men—a tiny fraction of the total working population of 63,000,000. National security is involved, especially in the shortage of physicists.

FOREIGN-BORN Americans are writing more than

1,000,000 letters to Europe, most of them to friends and kin behind the Iron Curtain, during Letters from America Week. They say that things are good over here.

TALKING POINT: Will the Corporation change the Englishman's attitude towards women? Yes, says correspondent Mollie Knowles in the Christian Science Monitor. "A woman on the throne could be a liberating factor," break down man's opposition and women's reticence—factors which keep women from posts of the highest responsibility in international affairs?

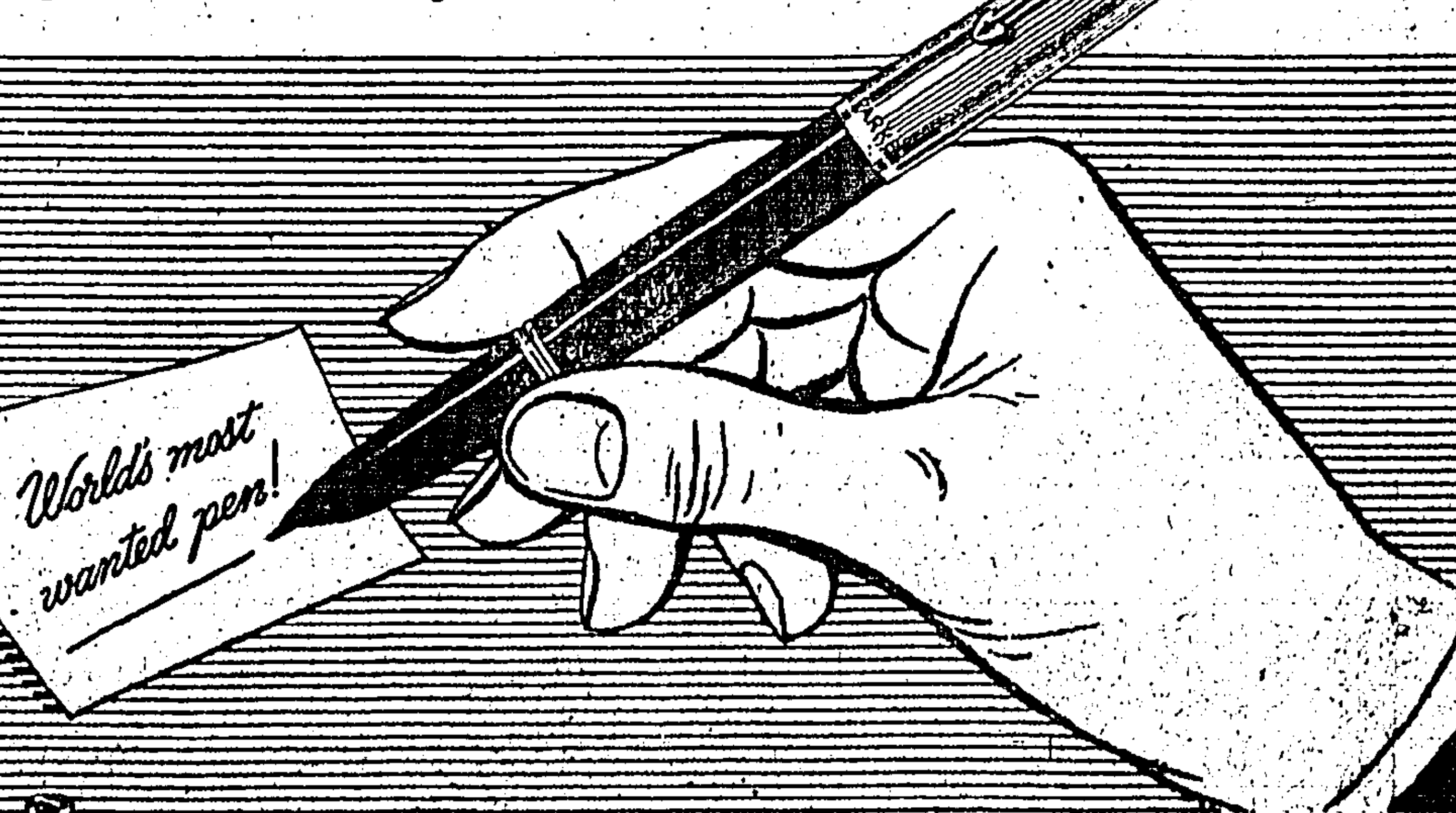
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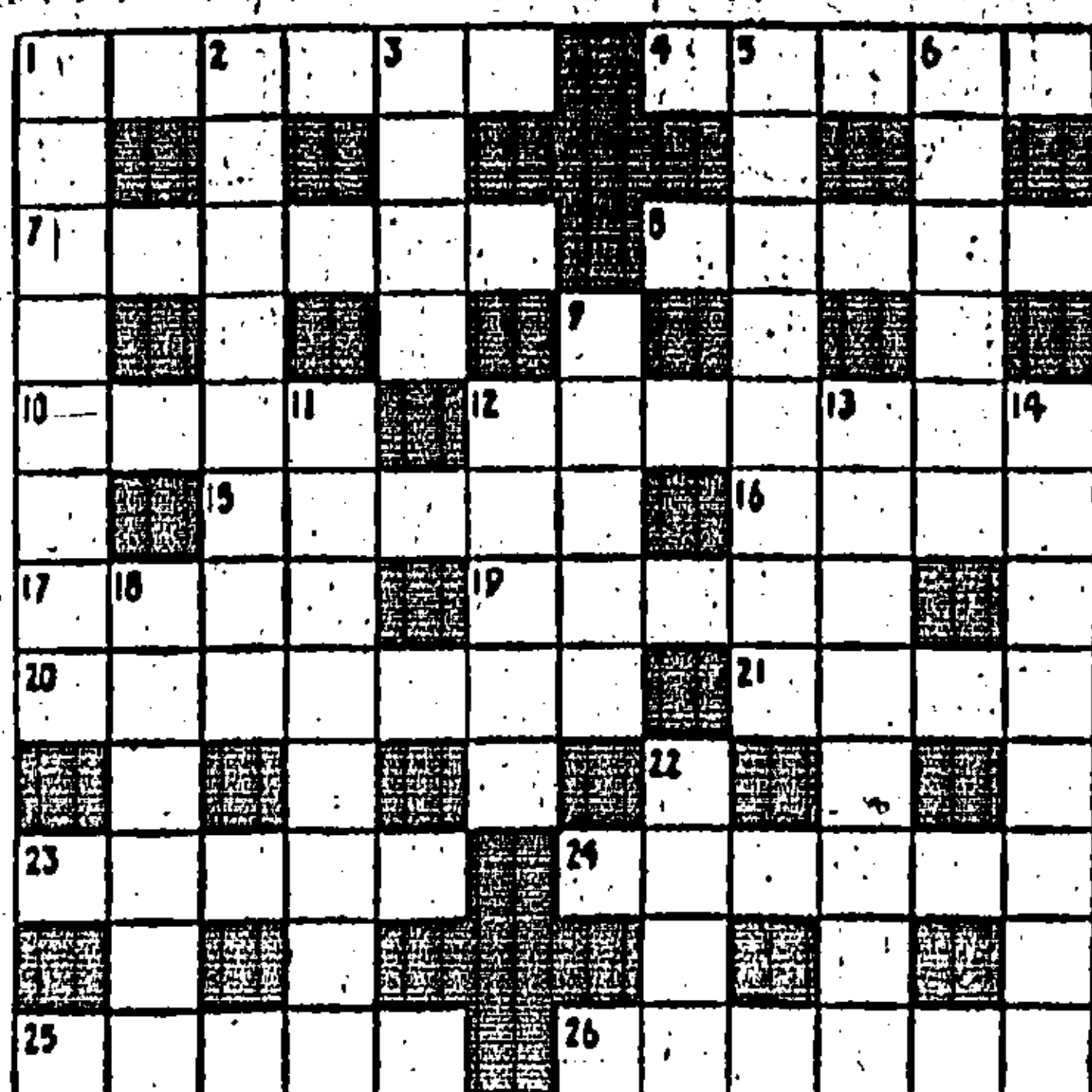


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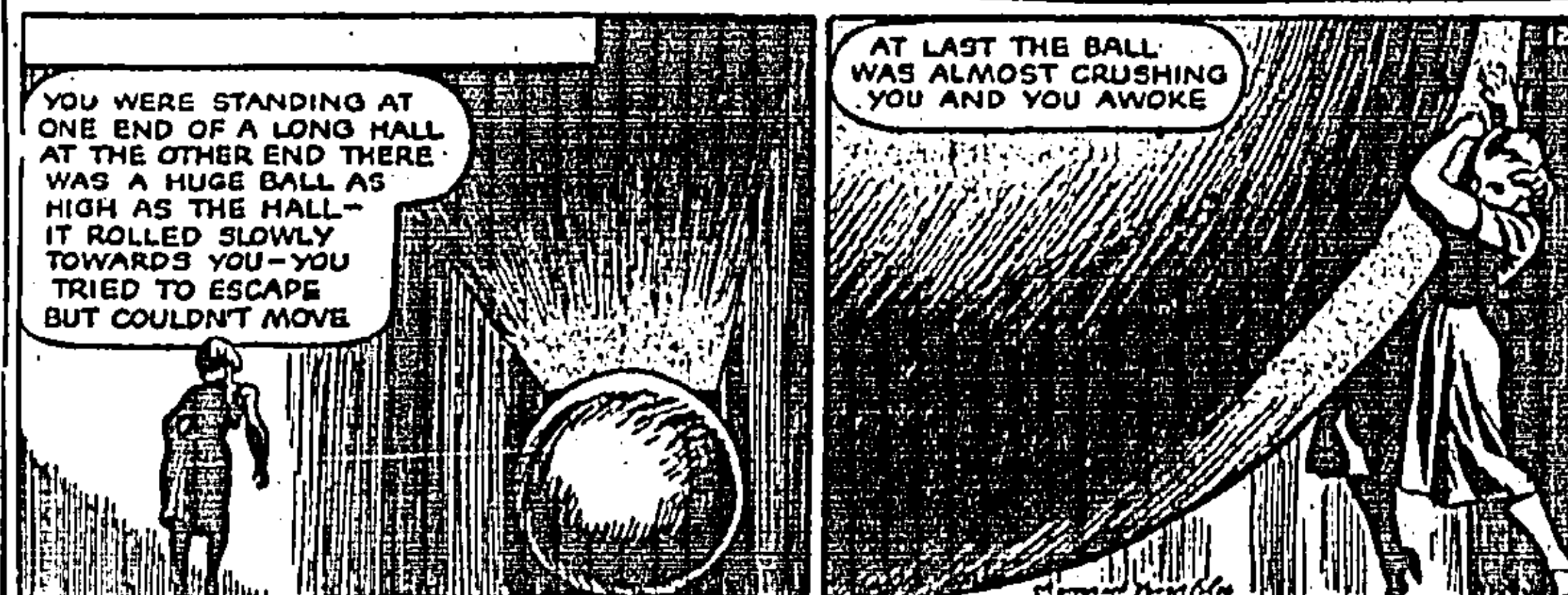
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GILMAN & COMPANY LIMITED
HONG KONG

A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS**
- 1 Portray (6).
 - 4 Accelerate (5).
 - 7 Summary (6).
 - 8 Plunder (5).
 - 10 Bellow (4).
 - 12 Liken (7).
 - 15 Tree (5).
 - 16 Finish (4).
 - 17 Spins out (4).
 - 19 Begun (5).
 - 20 Refrains from (7).
 - 21 Prophet (4).
 - 23 Deceive (5).
 - 24 Innate (6).
 - 25 Wind instrument (5).
 - 26 Globe (5).
- DOWN**
- 1 Left (8).
 - 2 Introductions (8).
 - 3 Part of the face (4).
 - 5 Does well (8).
 - 6 Hamper (6).
 - 9 Havens (6).
 - 11 Innate (6).
 - 12 Social class (5).
 - 13 Animal (8).
 - 14 Alienate (8).
 - 18 Dog-house (6).
 - 22 Break off (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD:—Across: 3 Averting, 8 Entire, 9 Rigorous, 11 Retained, 12 Mere, 13 Gamut, 18 Loses, 19 Tact, 22 Possible, 24 Presence, 25 Arrest, 26 Dressers. Down: 1 Heart, 2 State, 3 Arrival, 4 Vein, 5 Road, 6 Ironed, 7 Gapped, 10 Genius, 14 Moron, 15 Tensers, 16 Stupid, 17 Scheme, 20 Ebbd, 21 Petty, 22 Pets, 23 Senr.



—THIS DREAM MEANS:
A typical dream of the claustrophobic (those who dread closed spaces). Space closes in on you to crush you and you cannot escape; which symbolises the conviction that your strongest desires are being completely and overwhelmingly frustrated.
One secret of the healthy mind and spirit is to distribute your "libido." This is the psy-

chologist's term for the sum total of all the mental energy and drive that comes from your instincts and desires for sex, food, security, adventure and change, etc.
To put all your love and affection and passionate interest into only one person or one activity—however worthy—is to tempt providence. For if you lose that one person or aim—you may lose everything.

The SNAPSHOT GUILD



Use of supplementary flash in daylight will help you to lighten shadows such as those cast by a broad-brimmed or peaked hat.

FLASH PLUS DAYLIGHT

ONE of our readers has asked about the use of flash outdoors in daylight—supplementary flash, as it's called. "When," he writes, "is flash recommended for daylight shots? And what should I know about using it?"

So let's take up his questions in order and take a look at the answers. The first one isn't too hard. Outdoors in daylight you can use flash much as you might use a white card reflector to brighten dark shadow areas or—perhaps more

important—to light up your subjects in fully back-lit pictures. Sometimes, for instance, you may want to snap a girl in a broad-brimmed hat. A pretty hat, yes; but one that shadows her face. So you'll find flash helps. It reaches in under the brim and brightens the natural shadows.

Or you may want to make a picture of the baby in his or her carriage. Or a small child in the window of a car. Or almost any back-lit subject where normal daylight exposure is not sufficient. All these are places where supplementary flash is used in daylight to advantage, provided you don't over-

flash. You must use flash wisely, and that's where our reader's second question comes in. "What should I know about it?" Let's try to answer that briefly.

First, you should always remember that the small flash bulbs used by most amateurs (the No. 5 or S34) are not much help in shooting a subject 20 or more feet away.

And second, you'll want to use a different exposure than for flash shots at night... one that will bring the light from the flash (and not the background) into the picture. The daylight so that the background does not "go black."

Good rule to follow is to use the exposure which you would normally use for shots in daylight just as if you hadn't planned to use flash. This gives good rendition of highlights, backgrounds, and sky and the flash has little or no effect. Then use your flash at "half-strength."

And this isn't difficult. All you need do is "drape" a handkerchief over the flash gun's reflector so as to cut down on the light. One or two thicknesses will cut it enough. Or, if you have an extension flash unit, you may wrap cloth up but have the flash lamp 10 or 12 feet from your subject to the rear of the camera.

—John van Guilder

BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE ECHOING GROVE
by ROSAMOND LEHMANN
Collins, 12s. 6d. 320 pages

MISS LEHMANN TELLS OFF THOSE SLIPPERY MEN

REVIEWED BY
GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

BASIC notes on a mature, distinguished book:

TYPE: novel of emotions.

THEME: love triangle.

PERIOD: late thirties and mid-forties of 20th century.

PLACE: London.

SOCIAL SETTING: Well-to-do, well-educated middle class which has mislaid its sense of values and discarded its sense of duty; is open to every kind of political, social, erotic heresy.

POINT OF VIEW: the woman's.

DOMINANT NOTE: enjoyable suffering.

AND THE STORY? The story is that of Rickie Masters (handsome, charming, cultivated), who is the husband of Madeleine and falls in love with Dinah, Madeleine's sister. Or would it not be more exact to say that Dinah falls in love with him?

★

The question will be asked once and again as the story unfolds its glistening narrative before us. But "uncoils" is not quite the word, suggesting as it does, something which begins at the beginning and, in due course, reaches the end. That is not at all Rosamond Lehmann's way of telling a story.

She begins almost at the end, with Madeleine and Dinah, two middle-aged

widows going for a country walk together, with the dog, when the war is over, the love-duel ended, all passion spent.

During the walk, Dinah's dog attacks a rat and finds the job too much for it. The sisters must intervene, reluctantly and clumsily, to end the business. It is a shocking, horrible significant episode.

We are off to a good start. But we are off on a journey that will erratically across the years and look at events now through one pair of eyes, now through another.

Why is Rickie Masters, wealthy city man, life and soul of every party, unfaithful to his pretty conventional wife with Dinah, less pretty, much less conventional? Rickie's marriage with Madeleine, although "happy" is emotionally unfulfilling. He is a philanderer. His life is fundamentally ingenuously of protecting himself against the unbrusher of sex? Various explanations are offered; the reader is free to choose.

Dinah is emancipated, promiscuous, however of doubtful parties; the kind of woman whom other women dismiss in a one-syllable word—finds to their astonishment "mysterious" to men.

Dinah is emancipated enough to have a baby by Rickie, and conventional enough to have it on the sly. Unhappily, the baby dies, and in a melodramatic fashion of feelings the love-affair is betrayed to Madeleine by a raffish, equivocal harpist, who is Dinah's closest friend.

The marriage between Rickie and Madeleine is broken, and thereafter never mends, though mended. Dinah and Rickie would perhaps have got together openly had it not been for Rickie's duodenal ulcer, which picks the critical moment to flare up. Dinah drifts off towards gin and (in comparatively respectable phase) Communism.

★ N.H.

She picks up the selfish, conscious-jargon, the brilliant opinions, the suspect enthusiasm of the middle-class "comrade" out on a political slumming expedition. But the nice young Communist baker whom she happily marries is killed in the Spanish Civil War. After that there is only gin, drugs, the society of unsuitable young men, etc.

ROB, a handsome, amoral, self-centred Nottingham who lurks in a predatory way round Dinah's peculiar half-world. One night, he all but strangles Dinah, probably—but not certainly—in his sleep. The fact is, she frightens him. "The trickiest bitch that ever set her eyes on a man alive!"

AND SELBY (Selbie) a German refugee—psychiatrist with an inflated, guilt-complex, a "corrupted saint" who keeps open house for moral deviants and dead-beats. Selby supplies Dinah with drugs enough to make a frustrated attempt at suicide before killing himself on the eve of war. Dinah's life is a mess, yet somehow the reader is not encouraged to feel sorry for her. Even those who have done her wrong fail to pity her. As Rickie says, "What can be something guilt-craving about Dinah?"

Rickie is secretive by nature and preferring secretiveness to others, with flashes of self-knowledge—or is it self-love? "I'm a notable disappointment. People were always expecting a lot from me."

Shuttling between woman and woman, Rickie in the end probably loves only his daughter Clarissa. Is the end? Yes, for Rickie dies of his duodenal ulcer during the war.

Unhappy, disillusioned, yet the central figure of the novel, best-known for the novel, most closely analysed, most cruelly watched by the writer. For this is essentially the woman's view of the love triangle.

And the rich, dark, confused, contrived story, with so many things—exactly what so many frail threads of feeling caught and held—what is it in the end? A melodramatic, whimsical, or raised against the emotional dishonesty of the essential selfishness, the selfishness of man.

In The Echoing Grove, the Evening Standard has, for its Book of the Month, a novel of high quality and rare, if melodramatic beauty.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Name Your Game

BY HARRY WEINERT



THE PINOCHLE GAME THAT GOES ON AND ON—USUALLY WITH A DECK THAT LOOKS LIKE OLD TAR-PAPER.

THE DIRTY-KNEES-AND-KNUCKLES LEAGUE GETS UNDER WAY.

FEEL LOOK BE BETTER

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NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

On Tuesday, 2nd June, the Club's property at Happy Valley will be open and reserved for the use of Members of the Hong Kong Jockey Club and their Ladies who must wear their Members Badges and Lady's Brooches, otherwise they will not be admitted thereto.

By Order of the Stewards, H. MISA, Secretary.

H. K. S. P. C.

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Lindrum On Snooker

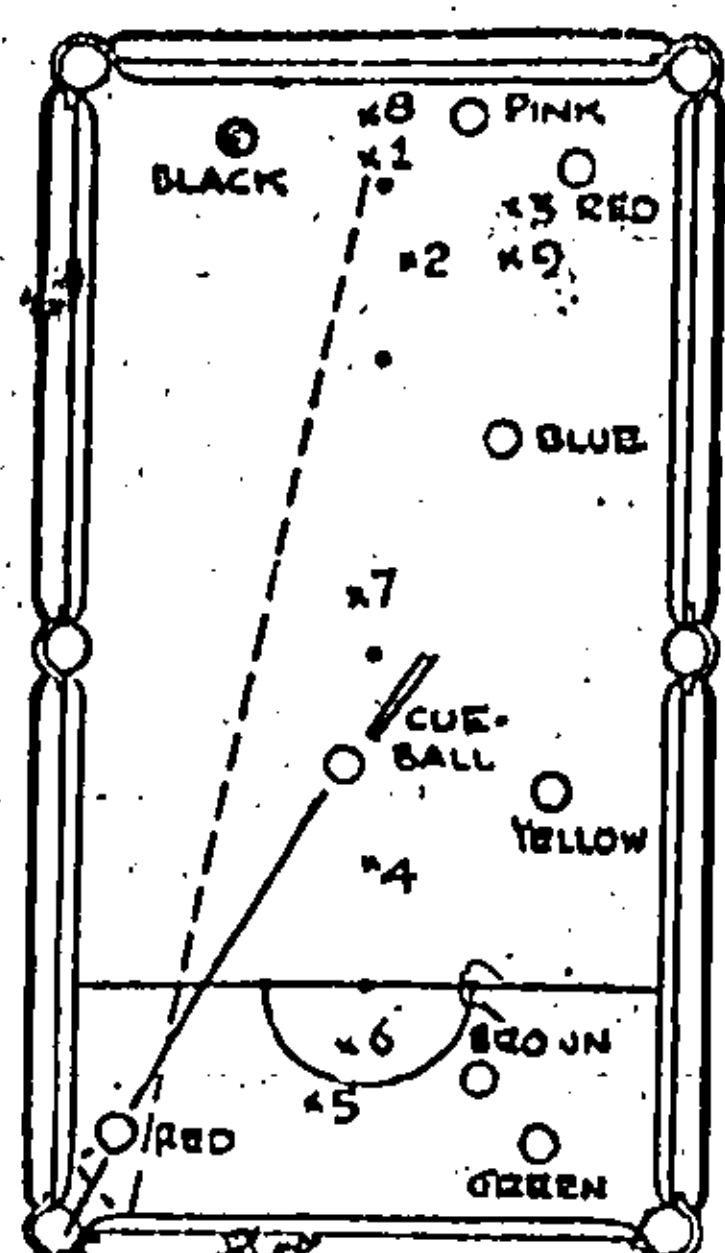
Last week I left readers with a very difficult problem. Possibly only first-class players could execute the strokes necessary to clear the table.

Two blacks and all the colours are required to win this frame and as you can see we are snookered on the top of the table red. So how do we tackle the problem?

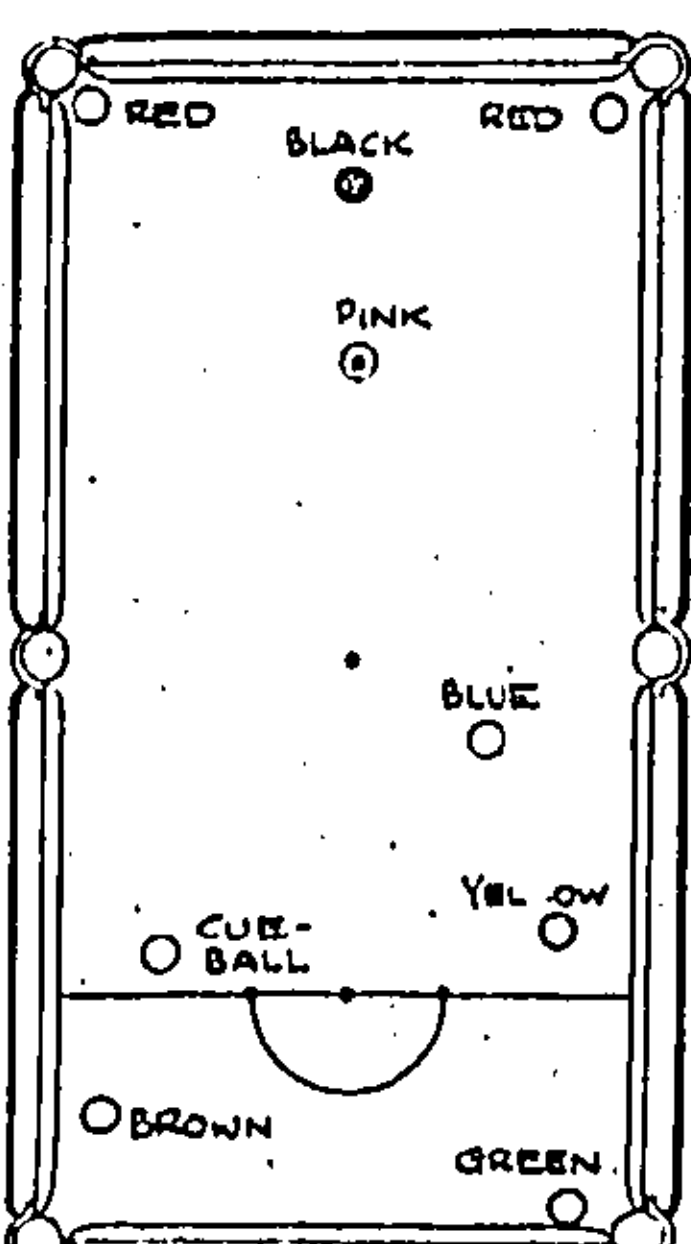
The baulk end red should be potted into the bottom left-hand corner pocket, striking the cue ball as high as possible with plenty of speed and right-hand side. The cue ball should then ricochet off the bottom side cushion and travel down the centre of the table to finish in line for the black as shown, X1.

We now strike the cue-ball high for potting the black into the top left-hand corner pocket. The white ball would come off the top left-hand side cushion and travel across the table to finish in position for the remaining red, X2.

We now play the last red into the top right-hand corner pocket



You To Play Until Next Week



Two blacks are required to put you in a winning position. What would you do? (Next week Horace Lindrum demonstrates what he would do).

Cutting the yellow into the middle right-hand pocket, we use plenty of right-hand side on the white-ball to come off the bottom right-hand side cushion; pass the baulk line and come to rest in position X3.

The green is then played into the bottom right-hand corner pocket, with right-hand side on the cue-ball to come off the bottom right-hand side cushion to finish in position for the brown, X4.

We now address the cue-ball high for potting the brown into the bottom right-hand corner pocket; the white-ball contacts the bottom right-hand side cushion; runs across the table to the bottom left-hand side cushion and finishes on the spot marked X5.

The blue is potted into the top right-hand corner pocket with a run-through action to send the white-ball on to the top right-hand side cushion to finish behind the pink near the top cushion at X6.

In potting the pink into the top right-hand corner pocket, we run the cue-ball through to the top right-hand side cushion to come off and settle into position for potting the black into the top left-hand corner pocket, X6.

Recently I completed my 400th century at snooker; it was one of 129 and in the following frame I made one of 123.

LEADING TEAMS WELL IN FORM IN LAST WEEK'S LEAGUE BOWLS MATCHES

By "TOUCHER"

Leading teams, headed by Club de Recreo, came well into form in the third week's programme of Lawn Bowls League matches during the past week.

Recreo secured top honours of the week by making a clean sweep of it in all their four outings in the three divisions and maintaining their lead in the First and Second divisions.

In the First Division the Portuguese Club accounted for Kowloon Bowling Green Club by 4½ points to ½, but not without some strong resistance by the KBGC bowlers.

Only the great margin of superiority displayed by G. A. Gutierrez, C. P. Basto, C. C. Pereira and J. E. Noronha over the weakened KBGC rink of J. C. Gadd, J. Tindall, E. Purvis and A. Eastman, who keenly felt the absence of their regular skip, J. McKelvie, turned the issue to Recreo's favour.

A. Harvey's rink maintained their high reputation by holding Johnny Ribello's rink to an 18-18 tie and are the only KBGC rink still to be defeated after three matches.

G. C. Norman's rink also held up well against the other Recreo rink slipped by Joe Luz, losing only by the narrow margin of 14-18.

Indian Recreation Club showed further progress in their recovery to Championship form by bettering their 4-1 score against Kowloon Dock the previous week with a 5-0 decisive win over Talkoo Dock on Saturday.

They had matters much their own way in all the three rinks despite the fact that they were without the services of U.M. Omar and A.K. Minu in this match.

Kowloon Cricket Club further enhanced their claim to being among the top contenders for Senior Division honours by chalking up another 4-1 triumph over Hongkong Football Club in their second outing.

F.O. Madar followed up his successful debut as skip in Hongkong when he claimed a five-match win over his first match against KBGC with another convincing triumph of 38-13 over B.I. Bickford's rink.

Hong Sing had a comfortable win over M.N. Rakusen but in the third rink a close and exciting finish was fought out between T.E. Baker's and K. Forrow's men.

The KCC rink started well and took a good lead of 12-5 by the 8th head and maintained it at 14-10 by tea-time.

The Football Club four, however, made a strong recovery after tea and went on to lead by 22-10 at the end of the 18th head.

A four by Baker's rink on the 20th head brought the game to an exciting finish which saw the Kowloonites managing only a two on the last head to lose by 22-23.

Kowloon Dock, after two disappointing matches, gave a much better performance in their third outing by taking full points from the Folies. Outstanding rink in the match was that skipped by R. S. Gourlay.

After being held to an 8-3 score on the 18th head by C. File's rink, Gourlay and his men went into a scoring spree that brought them ahead 10-15-8 lead which was stretched out to 27-12 at the end of the game after a seven on the 20th head and a three on the last head.

Incidentally, another score of seven was recorded in last Saturday's games. This was by the IRC rink of M. I. Razack, J. Hoosen, K. M. Omar and A. R. Kitchell on the 8th head of their match against Talkoo's rink of B. H. Billmore, J. McMillan, J. H. Kinniburgh and S. J. Pollock.

In the Second Division matches, Recreo "A" maintained their unbeaten record with a comfortable 4-1 win over last year's Champions, KCC, despite the fine performance of J. A. Tibble and his front men in having the better of J.C. Remedios' four by 25-12.

The Third Division matches saw Indian Recreation Club disposing of one of their strongest rivals, Craigengower Cricket Club, by 4-1 to draw on almost equal terms with KCC who climbed to the top of the League table with a 5-0 win over Hongkong Football Club.

TODAY'S GAMES

With League leaders Recreo enjoying a bye this week-end,

LEAGUE STANDINGS

FIRST DIVISION												
	P	W	D	L	F	A	U	D	Pts			
Recreo	3	3	0	0	199	139	60	-	13			
IRC	3	2	0	1	208	158	48	-	10½			
KCC	2	2	0	0	180	111	39	-	8			
KDC	3	1	0	2	177	178	11	-	7			
KBGC	3	1	0	2	109	179	2	-	6½			
HKFC	2	1	0	1	113	135	-	-	22			
PRC	3	1	0	2	137	176	-	-	39			
Talkoo	3	1	0	2	157	206	-	-	40			
CCC	2	0	0	2	87	134	-	-	47			

SECOND DIVISION												
	P	W	D	L	F	A	U	D	Pts			
Recreo "A"	3	3	0	0	204	139	65	-	12½			
FC	3	2	0	1	189	180	23	-	10			
KBGC	3	2	0	1	188	172	14	-	10			
KCC	3	2	0	1	162	177	-	-	15			
KDC	2	1	0	1	111	109	-	-	6			
KCC	3	0	0	3	103	105	-	-	32			
HKCC	1	0	0	1	37	65	-	-	28			

THIRD DIVISION												
	P	W	D	L	F	A	U	D	Pts			
KCC	3	3	0	0	191	153	38	-	13			
IRC	3	3	0	0	197	165	42	-	12			
KCC	3	2	0	1	233	197	08	-	10			
Recreo	3	2	0	1	174	172	-	-	8½			
FC	3	2	0	1	201	171	30	-	8			
USRC	3	1	0	2	178	180	-	-	7			
PRC	3	1	0	2	151	188	-	-	35			
POC	3	1	0	2	168	189	-	-	21			
HKERC	3	0	0	3	145	202	-	-	67			
HKFC	3	0	0	3	135	228	-	-	93			

POP



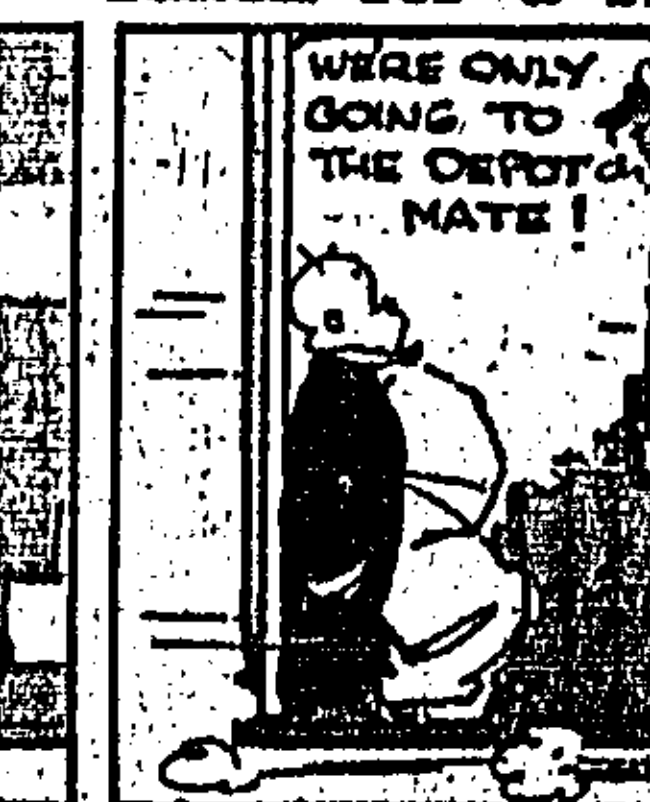
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"SHENGKING"	Keelung, Tientsin	5 p.m. 6th June
"TAIHOI"	Bangkok, Djakarta, Semarang	10 a.m. 8th June
"FOOCHOW"	Sourabaya & Macassar	8 a.m. 10th June
"HUPEI"	Tientsin, Tientsin	10 a.m. 10th June
"FOYANG"	Yokohama, Nagoya	10 a.m. 12th June
"SZECHUEN"	Singapore, Belawan & Penang	10 a.m. 19th June
Sails from Custodian Wharf		
ARRIVALS FROM		
"YUNNAN"	Tientsin	31st May
"HUNAN"	Shanghai	2nd June
"SHENGKING"	Keelung	7 a.m. 4th June
"TAIHOI"	Kobe	6th June
"HUPEI"	Tientsin & Tsingtao	7th June
"FOOCHOW"	Bangkok	8th June
"FOYANG"	Bangkok	10th June
"SZECHUEN"	Kobe	17th June

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"TAIPEI"	Kobe, Melbourne, Brisbane, Port Moresby, Samarai, Lae, Madang, Hollandia, Kavieng & Ratsau	10 a.m. 18th June
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"CHANGTE"	Australia & Manila	13th June
"TAIPEI"	Kobe	18th June

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"CALCHAS"	Liverpool & Dublin	24th June
"AUTOMEDON"	Genoa, London, Holland & Hamburg	25th June
"PELEUS"	Marseilles, Liverpool & Glasgow	6th July
Scheduled Sailings from Europe		
Sails	Arrives	
G. "CALCHAS"	Liverpool	13th June
S. "AUTOMEDON"	Sailed	13th June
G. "PELEUS"	do	22nd June
S. "TELEMACHUS"	do	28th June
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G. "PATROCLUS"	7th June	14th July
S. "CYCLOPS"	18th June	23rd July

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"BENRINNES"	U.K.	18th June
"BENATTOW"	U.K.	6th July
"BENLEDI"	U.K.	20th July
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SAILINGS		
TO	LEAVING	ON OR ABT.
"BENALBANACH"	Kure, Kobe, and Yokohama	31st May
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"BENBHOR"	Liverpool, Hamburg, Genoa, Avonmouth, Rotterdam and Glasgow	20th June
"BENRINNES"	Liverpool, Hamburg, Rotterdam and Glasgow	21st June
"BENATTOW"	Liverpool, Hamburg, Rotterdam and Glasgow	10th July
"BENCRUACHAN"	Direct to Singapore, thence Havre, London, Rotterdam and Antwerp	18th July
"BENLEDI"	Kure, Kobe and Yokohama	24th July
"BENALDEH"	Direct to Singapore, thence Genoa, Liverpool, Rotterdam and Hull	30th July

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the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

KNARF MAKES A NEW SAILBOAT

—It Must Be Fast, 'Cause No One Will Race It!—

By MAX TRELL

"I'VE my new sailboat 'a beauty'?" Knarf, the shadow-boy with the turned-about name, asked his sister Hanid as he pointed to it proudly. "I made it myself," he added, even more proudly.

Hanid gazed at it. "Why, it's only a match box with a maple leaf stuck up in the middle. It isn't a sailboat at all!"

But Knarf wasn't the least bit disappointed. "It's a fine sailboat, Hanid. Let's take a sail across the pond. I'll show you how fast it is. Make yourself small."

They both made themselves small. The match box sailboat looked a great deal handsomer now that they were small. They both climbed in.

The name of it is the Maple Leaf. Knarf said as he pulled up the anchor. The anchor was a bent pin tied to a piece of thread. Then away went the boat. The breeze blew against the maple leaf. It was just like a sail. Knarf steered the boat with a bit of straw attached to the end of the rudder.

"It's a nice boat, all right," Hanid admitted after they had



"Mr Frog, I'll challenge you to a race," said Knarf.

sailed part way across the pond. "But I really don't think it's very fast."

"The Maple Leaf is faster than anything on this pond!" said Knarf. "I'll show you," he said. "There's Mrs Duck swimming over there by the water lilies. I'll challenge her to a race."

With that he steered the Maple Leaf over to the water lilies where Mrs Duck was swimming

and cried to her: "I'll challenge you to a race with my new sailboat." Mrs Duck looked up, saw the boat, then said: "Oh no. I couldn't race with that boat, Knarf. It's much too fast for me. I'm a very slow duck. You ought to challenge a really good swimmer like Mr Frog. There he is, sitting on his rock."

So Knarf sailed over to Mr Frog's rock and said: "Mr Frog, I'll challenge you to a race with my new boat Maple Leaf."

"Not me," answered Mr Frog, glancing at the boat. "I know when I'm beaten. I haven't got a chance against that beautiful boat of yours. Better ask Sunfish. He's good at racing. There he is, swimming in that deep hole in the pond where the willow tree hangs over the bank."

Couldn't Win

Knarf quickly sailed the Maple Leaf to the spot where Sunfish was swimming.

"Race against that boat!" Sunfish exclaimed. "Do you think I could ever win? I should say not. No—I give up. Maple Leaf wins!"

"There! You see! It's just as I told you," Knarf said to Hanid as they continued across the pond. "No one will race with me. They all know how very fast Maple Leaf is, even though it's only an ordinary little match box with a maple leaf stuck up in the middle!"

He certainly felt very proud of himself. But Hanid thought she heard Mrs Duck, and Mr Frog and Sunfish all chuckling quietly behind them. She couldn't be sure she heard them, but she was pretty sure.

TURN-ABOUT WORD GAME

HERE are 20 word middles. To complete them, put the same letter at the beginning and end of each. You will then have a palindrome, which is the real name of a word spelled the same backward and forward. Examples of palindromes are BIB, TOT, HAH, and POP.

Where there are two or more middles alike in the list, you must make a different word for each one.

1. IVI
2. AYA
3. EVE
4. EVE
5. EFE
6. ENE
7. ADA
8. ADA
9. OTO
10. OO
11. OO
12. OO
13. OO
14. EE
15. EE
16. OLO
17. W
18. Y
19. EIVE
20. EIVE

(Solution on Page 10)

Monty Moonbeam

gets a VERY important letter

By Arthur Harold Jackson

"ALL right! All right! Just a minute!" said the village innkeeper, as he unbolted the door.

And there stood the village messenger-boy. He was quite breathless, and said excitedly, "Quick! Where's Monty Moonbeam? I've a very IMPORTANT message for him!"

"He's in the dining-room, waiting for his breakfast," said the innkeeper, "so if you'll hand me over the message, I'll see that he gets it right away."

And he took the LARGE envelope, which had "MONTY MOONBEAM, ESQ. VERY IMPORTANT, AND PERSONAL" written on it, and handed it to Monty Moonbeam. "I say!" exclaimed Monty Moonbeam, "I wonder what it can be?"

that Monty Moonbeam had asked for.

"Here you are, sir," said the innkeeper, "here's your breakfast."

And he placed a tray containing Macaroni, Mackerel, and a Mince-Pie in front of Monty Moonbeam.

"And if you'll pardon my little joke, sir," went on the innkeeper, "since all the foods begin with the letter 'M' it should be called Breakfast instead of Breakfast!"

"THAT'S FUNNY!"

MONTY MOONBEAM roared with laughter at the innkeeper's joke, and said: "Ho! Ho! Breakfast! That's very funny. Very funny indeed!"

After he had eaten, the innkeeper said to him: "Well, I suppose you're now ready to go off to London?"

"Not quite," answered Monty Moonbeam, "before I go I've a request to make, so could I please have some writing materials? I want to write a SPECIAL letter to the City of London."

And going into the kitchen, he soon came out with the food

(More next week)

Stamp Of The Week

WITH a whistle of strong pinions and neck eagerly outstretched, a wild goose rises from the water and wings swiftly away.

What a fine symbol it makes for Canada's new airmail stamp. For these birds—fly to their objective as unerringly as Britain's new Comet jet-liner.

The stamp is face-valued 7 cents; perforation 12, price in London 10d.—J.A.A.

Rupert and the Robins—17

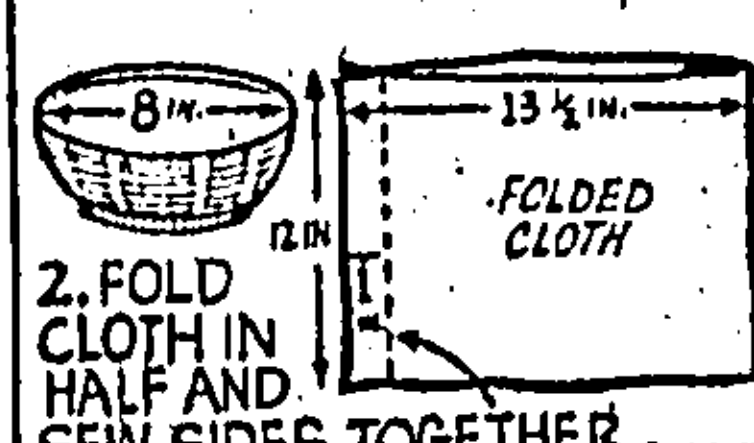
Next morning Rupert is still worried about the robins. They may be frightened to come out of the woods now, in case what birds think they are strangers and attack them," he says. "I'll put mummy for a bag of crumbs to lead them." On his way out he

notices the pail which his daddy had used for spraying fruit trees and a new idea begins to form in his mind. He thinks it over, but before he can decide anything he sees some of his friends up on the common and he calls to them to come and join him.

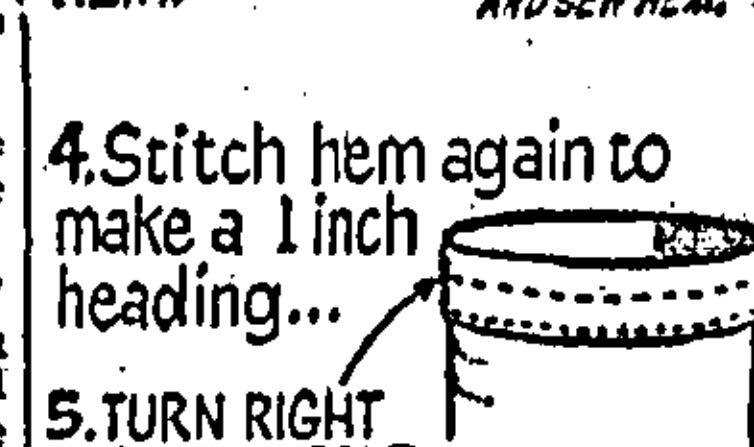
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Basket BAG

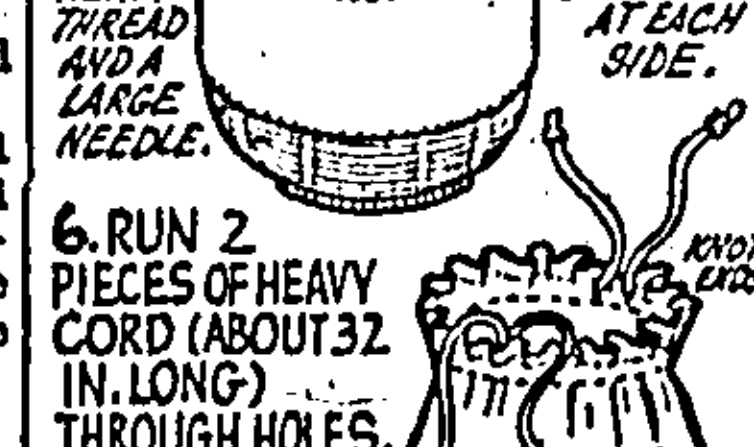
1. Add 1 in. for a seam, and then cut a piece of bright colored CLOTH to fit around a small BREAD BASKET about 8 in. across.



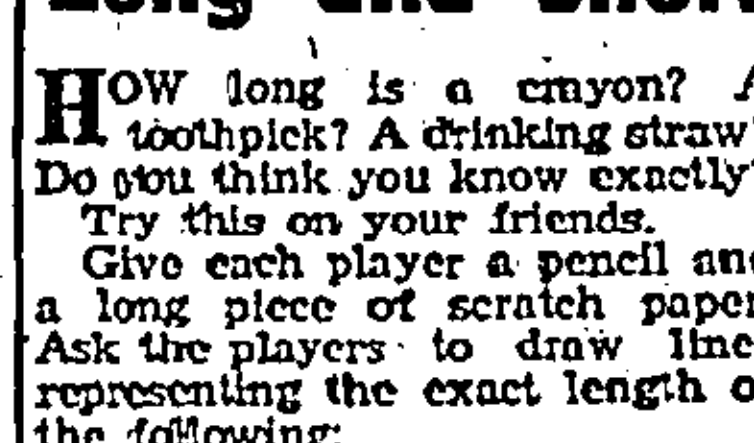
2. FOLD CLOTH IN HALF AND SEW SIDES TOGETHER.



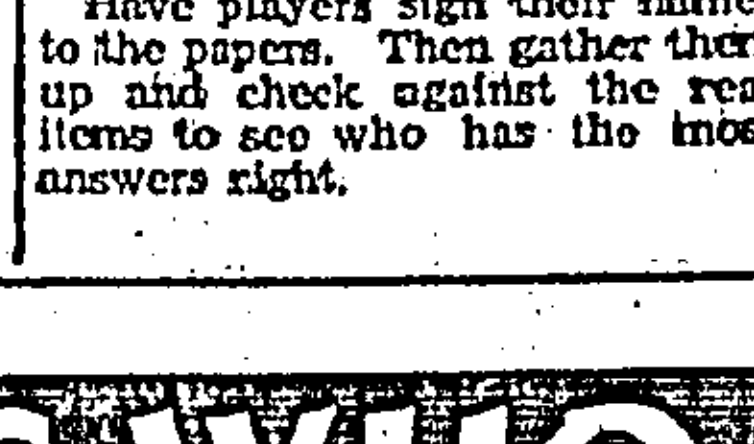
3. TURN UNDER 1/2 INCH OF TOP AND FOLD DOWN AND SEW TO MAKE A 2 INCH HEM.



4. Stitch hem again to make a 1 inch heading...



5. TURN RIGHT SIDE OUT. FOLD THE BOTTOM UNDER 1/2 INCH AND SEW IT TO RIM OF BASKET.



6. RUN 2 PIECES OF HEAVY CORD (ABOUT 3/2 IN. LONG) THROUGH HOLES. Use for a lunch shopping bag or sewing bag.



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"OLINDA"	due 31st May	from P. Gulf, Karachi, Bombay, Colombo & S. ports for Japan
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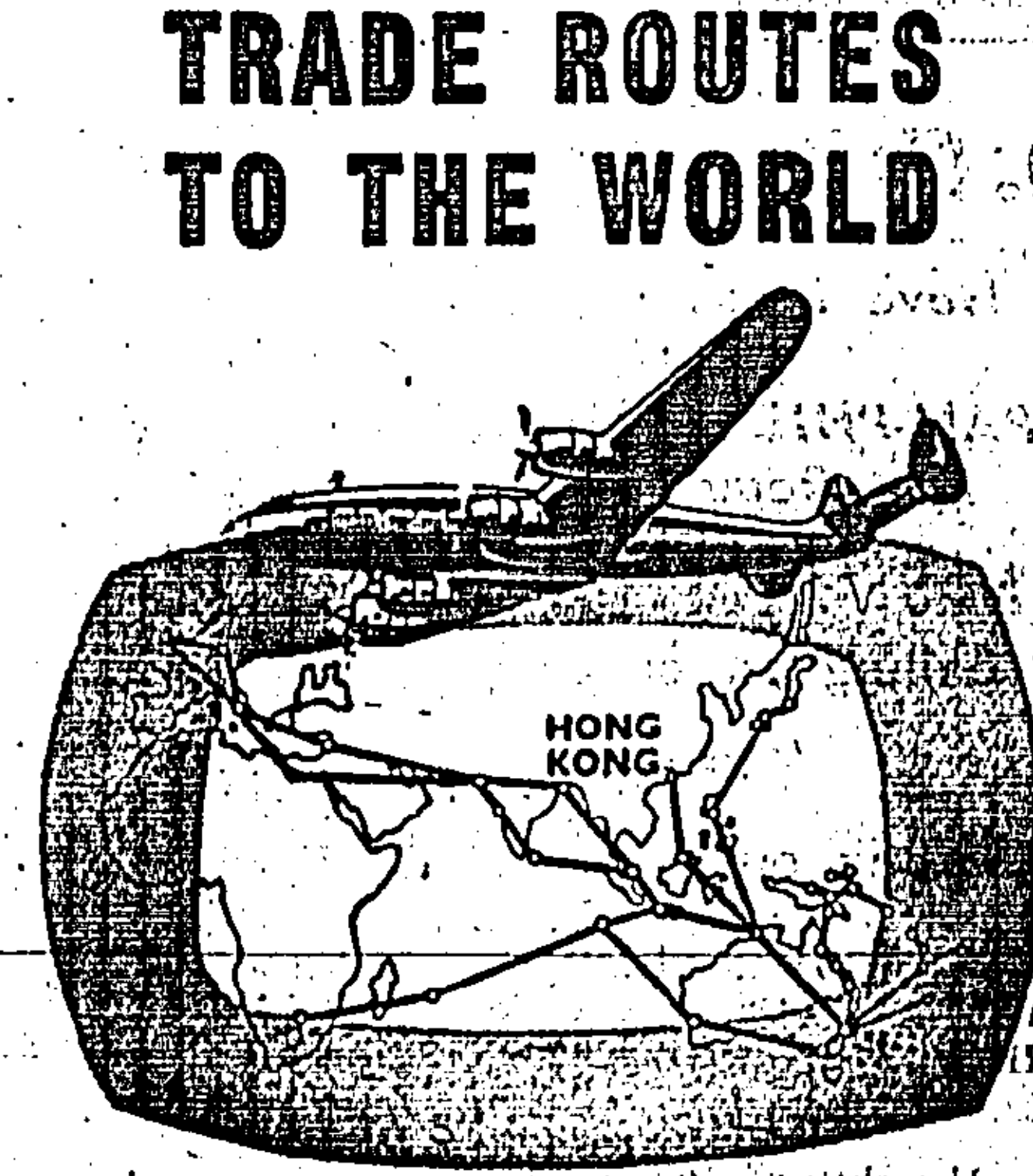
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CHINA MAIL



Page 16 SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1953.

Sheaffers
"SNORKEL"

JOHN CLARKE'S
CASEBOOK

Mary Saves Again

FROM the tail-end of last summer and through the long winter Mary saved for the spring.

She saved for nothing more exciting than to buy some new clothes for her six-year-old daughter and, if the money would run to it, to get a new supply, Mary closed her savings account at that figure.

On the first morning off from work that she could, she came up to the West End from the suburb where she lives, to buy the things her daughter and she so badly needed.

SHOPPING FEVER

The journey to town was a joyous affair, for her purse felt wonderfully weighty and her heart was as light as a girl's. She had never felt so good in the five years that had passed since her husband died.

The shopping, too, went splendidly from the start, the big stores in Oxford Street providing her with just what she wanted—two frocks and a blazer for her daughter. And with those safely in her shopping bag she still had enough left to buy for herself a coat of the kind she wanted.

But now the shopping fever had held of her and it would not let go though there were only a few shillings of her savings left in her purse. Mary stood at the counter, her hand on the handle of the door, and she looked at the woman behind the counter.

THE BUDGET

SHE was caught and brought next morning to Great Marlborough Street, a tense, pale, nice-looking woman of 35. Although the day was warm, she huddled into a winter coat still. Perhaps she had not the heart to wear the summer one she had bought the morning before.

When Mary had pleaded guilty to her crime, a policeman went into the witness-box, and told the magistrate, Mr. Paul Bennett, VC, what he knew about her—that she was a widow, that she had the six-year-old daughter.

"They live in an unfurnished room for which she pays 11s. a week," he said. "This woman works every day from 7.45 in the morning until 5.50 in the evening. She earns £4 10s. a week and she has, besides a widow's pension of £1 10s. She pays the lady in whose house her room is 10s. a week to look after her child while she is at work."

'SO HARD'

THE magistrate made a note of the facts and then he asked Mary what she had to say.

"I'm very, very sorry, sir," Mary whispered. "I had saved so hard to buy those things, and..."

"She had bought things for the child, had she?" the magistrate asked the policeman.

"Oh, yes, sir," the officer answered.

Mr. Bennett nodded to Mary to go on with her explanation. "I can't say anything much more, sir," she said, "except that I've been going to work extra as a waitress on Saturday nights, sir, to try and get the money."

NO JOY NOW

THE magistrate looked at her as though he might be totting up Mary's normal working hours, which, without the extra Saturday nights, and without the demands her daughter must have made upon her time and energy, must have totalled nearly 60 in a week.

"Anything more you'd like to say?" he asked.

"No, sir."

Mary was fined £5 and given four weeks in which to find the money. She would have to start saving all over again, and this time there would be no joy in it, and a terrifying urgency.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Come on, Wilbur, skip your fiddle lesson! We'll tell your dad a pitcher like you can make \$50,000 in the big leagues!"

Trueman Fails To Come Off

London, May 29.

The fast-bowling of Fred Trueman (Yorkshire) and another excellent batting performance of Don Kenyon (Worcestershire) provided the main talking points on the last day's play of the England trial match which ended at Birmingham in a draw.

Trueman raised his match analysis today to 31 overs, 8 maidens, 89 runs, 0 wickets. If he is to cause anything approaching the trouble to Australian Test batsmen as he did to the Indians last year, he must improve quickly on his bowling in this trial.

Trueman was definitely short of match practice and did not appear to be 100 per cent fit. Before the England team is chosen, Trueman, who is in the Royal Air Force, will play in two county matches for Yorkshire and this will give him a chance to reach peak form.

If any player enhanced his chances of winning a place in England's side, that distinction belongs to Kenyon.

The MCC batsmen could find no answer to the lively pace bowling of Derek Shackleton and were beaten at Lord's by Hampshire by seven wickets.

GALLANT EFFORT

A century by Harold Gimblett—his 40th in a lightning innings by Harold Stephenson and unexpected resolution from the old-time batsmen, nearly took Somerset to victory against the champions, Surrey, at Taunton.

Surrey won by 32 runs with 45 minutes to spare, after leaving Somerset five and a quarter hours to score 297 runs.

After the fall of two wickets quickly, Gimblett and Stephenson made 85 in 58 minutes for the fifth wicket and put the scoring in front of the clock.

When Gimblett left, having batted for three hours 10 minutes for his 100, Stephenson batted with the ability which made it easy to understand why his aggregate of runs is second only to Gimblett. He scored a fine 84.

Showing the better all-round form Northamptonshire were wealthy winners over Essex at Ilford, where they won by 10 wickets with an hour and a quarter to spare but there was a period just after lunch today when their powers to force a victory looked in doubt.

Dicky Dodds showed a return to form which must have been encouraging to Essex. He reached his first century of the season, and hit 13 fours in his 117 in just under four hours.

THE RESULTS

The following were the results of matches which ended today:

At Lords: Hampshire beat MCC by seven wickets. MCC 108 for nine declared and 147 (Shackleton seven for 32). Hampshire 210 for nine declared and 105 for three.

At Taunton: Surrey beat Somerset by 32 runs. Surrey 300 and 172 for eight declared. Somerset 170 and 204 (Gimblett 109, Stephenson 84).

Davis Cup Star Centre Of Sensational Row

Paris, May 29.

American Davis Cup star Vic Seixas was the centre of a sensational row on the Roland Garros Stadium centre court this afternoon when he lost his Men's Doubles in the French international lawn tennis championship with fellow-American Gardner Mulloy, against the Australians Mervyn Rose and Clive Wilderspin, who won by 6-0, 7-5, 1-6, 9-7.

During the second set Seixas, on being foot-faulted for the second time in the match, strode over to the foot-fault judge angrily and began arguing.

While the crowd booed and jeered, the chief umpire and other officials were called to the court and the game was held up for ten minutes.

Finally, after prolonged jeering from the spectators, the officials agreed to change the foot-fault judge and the game proceeded. Seixas losing his service and the crowd cheering his failure.

Earlier in this tournament Jaroslav Drobny, French champion in 1951 and 1952, told the committee he would not defend his title against Seixas in the series unless foot-fault judges were provided. He had been watching Seixas beat Australian Lewis Hoad in a quarter final and said the American was repeatedly foot-faulting without being called.

The Australian captain-manager, Mr. Hopman, said at the time that he would have asked for a judge at the interval if Hoad had not been beaten in three straight sets. A similar controversy blew up in Australia last year when American challenger Australia in the Davis Cup. Hopman protested then at Seixas foot-faulting and the American agreed to serve throughout the Davis Cup matches well back from the baseline.

ALL-AUSTRALIAN

There will be an all-Australian men's doubles final on Sunday.

Australian and American players dominated the semi-finals of these events today.

In the men's doubles, the prospective Australian Davis Cup team of Mervyn Rose and Clive Wilderspin scored a fine victory over the American stars, Vic Seixas and Gardner Mulloy, by 6-0, 7-5, 1-6, 9-7, and won the right to meet the Australian doubles champions, Lewis Hoad and Ken Rosewall, who had overcome Jaroslav Drobny of Egypt and Budge Patty of America by 6-3, 6-1, 6-3.

In the women's doubles semi-finals, the American holders, Miss Doris Hart and Miss Shirley Fry, eliminated the British pair, Miss Helen Fletcher and Mrs. Van Rinkel by 6-3, 7-0, 6-2.

The holders will defend their title against their fellow-countrywomen, Miss Maureen Connolly and Miss Julie Sampson, who won their semi-final over Italy's Miss Silvana Lazzarino and Mme. Niola Migliori 6-1, 6-2.

A THRILLER

The semi-final win of Rose and Wilderspin over the vaunted Americans, Seixas and Mulloy, was a thriller from start to finish. There was little to choose between the two pairs, and rallies were long and exciting.

The Australians, who showed fine combination, won chiefly due to their greater steadiness. The other Australian partnership of Hoad and Rosewall was a triumph of youth over age, for their total age is about half that of their opponents, and today years showed. Hoad and Rosewall are both 18, and they moved about the court fast and looked like a winning combination throughout.

TOO STRONG

Miss Fletcher dropped only one service game throughout the match, while Mrs. Rinkel was brilliant at times but frequently overhit.

After taking the first set fairly easily, Miss Hart and Miss Fry had match point in the tenth.

HK Player's Easy Win

Birmingham, May 29.

Edwin Teal, of Hongkong, today beat H. F. Walton, the former British Davis Cup player, 6-2, 6-2 in the semi-final of the men's singles at the Priory Lawn Tennis Tournament here.

Teal now meets M. F. Mohdadi, of Persia, in the final.

The Hongkong player proved extremely effective at volleying against his British opponent, and had an easy win.

In his semi-final Mohdadi beat D. J. Paterson of England 6-4, 3-6, 7-5—Reuter.

Holder In The Final

American Will Meet Irish Gopher

Hoylake, May 29.

Lanky Joe Carr, an Irish Walker Cup player, will meet defending champion J. Harvie Ward, stocky insurance broker from Atlanta, Georgia, in the 36-hole Amateur Golf Championship final tomorrow.

In a ding-dong all-Irish semi-final Carr, who is to play for Britain against the United States in September, beat Cecil Beamsish, a Royal Air Force dental surgeon, at the 19th.

Beamsish, who leaves next month for a spell of service in Singapore, took the lead for the first time at the 14th and was two up at the 15th. Carr levelled and won the match when Beamsish put his second shot out of bounds at the extra hole.

Ward, playing the immaculate golf which had installed him favourite to beat the Hoylake hoodoo, had a comfortable 6-0 win over Arthur Perowne, 23, the youngest player left in the event. No American has won any of the previous 12 championships played on the Royal Liverpool links.

Indeed Ward is the first American to reach the final on this testing course.

Carr had a desperate quarter-final match with Joe Lambie, a Scottish motor salesman, before winning by one hole with a tremendous birdie three on the 407-yard 18th hole. Lambie was two up at the 5th and led by a hole at the 13th, and Carr's win at the home hole put him in front for the first time.

Extra power from the tee in a fierce wind was the deciding factor in Beamsish's earlier win by 4 and 3 over Dixon Lawlison, an English international.

Ward, wearing three sweaters, woolen mittens and donning a jacket between his shots, beat Cyril Hardrow, a London chocolate manufacturer, by 5 and 4. Perowne reached the quarter final with a 4 and 3 win over Jim Draper, a distiller from Fife, Scotland—Reuter.

MOST OPEN WIMBLEDON IN YEARS

London, May 29.

The Wimbledon tennis championships, blue ribbon of international lawn tennis, will be the most open of the post-war years.

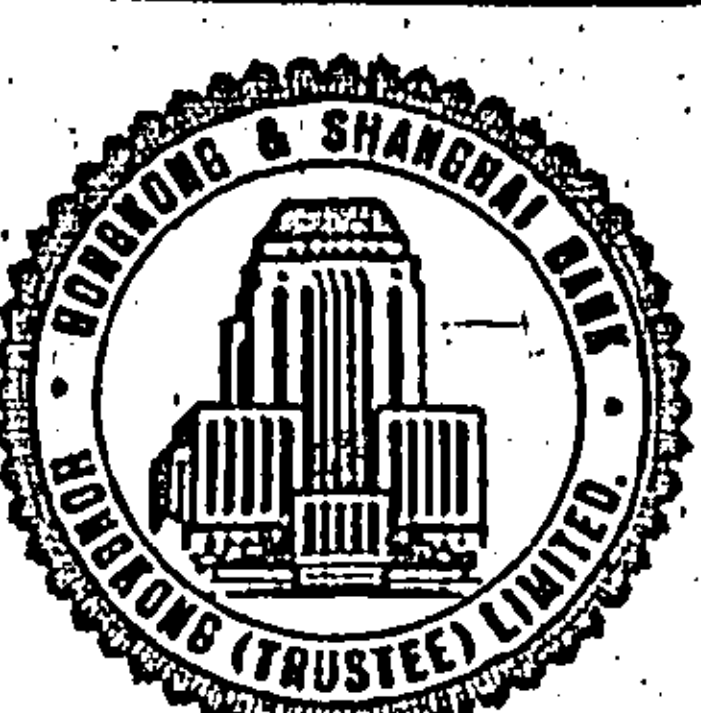
Entries for the event, which begins on June 22, closed today. They show that the standard is as high as it has ever been.

With the Australians Frank Sedgman (holder) and Ken McGregor now in the professional ranks, Jaroslav Drobny (Egypt) was, until yesterday, the favourite to win the men's singles and his defeat in the French championships in Paris has thrown the championship wide open.

Drobny, twice a finalist, will be making his 10th bid for the coveted title. Facing the American challenge will be Vic Seixas, Gardner Mulloy, Budge Patty, the 1950 Wimbledon champion, and left-hander Art Larsen. But neither Kerbie Flann, semi-finalist for the past two years, nor David Cup player Tony Trabert have entered as they are serving in the United States Navy.

Entries have come from all over the world. They include the Australian Davis Cup team of Mervyn Rose, Lewis Hoad, Ken Rosewall, Rex Hartwig and Clive Wilderspin; the young South African Davis Cup player Israel Solomon; B. Woodroffe, Jan Vermeer and Johan Kuyper; and the leading Canadian, Scandinavian and South American players.

Miss Maureen Connolly (USA), 18-year-old No. 1 women player in the world, will defend the title she won last year on her first Wimbledon appearance.—Reuter.



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The Trustee Company of The Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation Hong Kong

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES

MAERSK LINE

M/V "EMILIE MAERSK"

having arrived from Karachi and Ports of call, Consignees of Cargo are hereby notified that their goods are being landed and placed at their risk and expense into the Hong Kong & Shanghai Bank & Godown Company's godowns at Kowloon, where delivery may be obtained as soon as the goods are landed.

Optional cargo will not be landed here, unless notice has been given 48 hours prior to vessel's arrival, but carried on from port to port to the final port of call to which the option extends.

No claims will be admitted after the goods have left the Godowns, and all goods remaining undelivered after the 31st June, 1953, will be subject to rent.

All broken, chafed, and damaged goods are to be left in the Godowns, where they will be examined on 4th June, 1953, at 10 a.m. by our Surveyors Messrs. Goddard & Douglas.

To comply with the General Bonded Warehouse Regulations, consignees must have a Revenue Officer in attendance when damaged dutiable goods are examined.

All claims must reach us before the 25th June, 1953, or they will not be recognized.

No Insurance will be effected.

JEBSEN & CO. Agents.

Hongkong, 29th May, 1953.

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES

Consignees per **AUSTRALIA-WEAT PACIFIC LINE** m.s. "AROS"

are hereby notified that their cargo is being discharged into the Hongkong & Kowloon Wharf & Godown Co's godown where it will be at consignees risk and subject to the Under's terms and conditions of storage, and where delivery may be obtained.

Damaged packages are to be left in the godowns for examination by Consignees and the Company's surveyors, Messrs. Carmichael & Clark at 10 a.m. on the 29th May, 1953.

To comply with the General Bonded Warehouse Regulations, consignees must have a Revenue Officer in attendance when damaged dutiable goods are examined.

No claims will be admitted after the goods have left the steamer's godown, and all goods remaining undelivered after the 31st June, 1953, will be subject to rent.

All claims against the steamer must be presented to the Under-signed on or before the 8th June, 1953, or they will be rejected.

No Fire Insurance will be effected.

DODWELL & CO. LTD. Agents.

Hongkong, 29th May, 1953.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

We take pleasure in announcing that, from Monday, June 1st 1953, our offices will be situated at **NO. 1, DUDELL STREET (2nd Floor)**.

Telephone numbers remain unchanged.

The Hong Kong Eastern Shipping Co., Ltd.

MANAGERS: RYMO PANAMA, S.A.

REG. OFFICE: HOLME RINGER & CO., LTD.

SHIPPING AGENTS:

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NOTICE

BANK HOLIDAYS

The Exchange Banks will be closed for the transaction of public business on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 2nd and 3rd June 1953. (The Coronation of Her Majesty the Queen).

Hongkong, 30th May, 1953.

NOTICE

LATE TRAMS

There will be an extension of service up to 12.30 a.m. from 1st to 7th June inclusive to enable the general public to view the illuminations from the Upper Levels during the Coronation period.

PEAK TRAMWAYS CO. LTD.

NOTICE

HONG KONG SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

The Society's New Office at Bucclefield Arcade, Queen's Road Central, is now open.

Members and the public can get in touch with the Secretary by dialling 37870 during the day or by dialling 37894 at night.

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T. W. FRITH, Esq.,
Hong Kong Electric Co., Ltd.,
P. & O. Building,
Hong Kong.

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